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THE PARIS CONFERENCES.

THE daily historians of the Paris Conferences are unwillingly compelled to record the introductory resolution of the assembled diplomatists, that their deliberations are to be strictly secret. All we know is, that nothing can be known until the plenipotentiaries shall have accomplished their task. The term fixed for the expiration of the armistice indicates that the Preliminaries will probably be signed before the end of March, unless it should be found practicable at once to embody the decisions of the Congress in a definitive treaty. Much may have been done, however, before the commencement of the formal discussions, for diplomacy is naturally a peripatetic business, and it is often transacted at dinners and in drawing-rooms. There is reason to believe that the cordial understanding between France and England remains unbroken; and Lord CLARENDON has probably long since communicated to his Government the real intentions of the different plenipotentiaries, as indicated by their temper and bearing.

There is nothing in the subject-matter of the negotiations that can of itself prevent the conclusion of peace. The Four Points of last year were studiously constructed in such a manner as to contain no definite meaning, the object of their authors being merely to bring the belligerents together, in the hope that they might arrive at an understanding; and as no basis of negotiation existed in fact, its place was supplied by a fiction. If Sebastopol had fallen before the meeting at Vienna, the Four Points would of themselves have assumed a substantial form; but it was impossible that the quarrel could really be settled until it had been proved which party was the stronger. The subsequent events of the war, however, rendered the second effort of Austria more explicit and intelligible. The ESTERHAZY proposals really express the principal demands of the Allies, and the same motives which have induced Russia to accept them will probably ensure her acquiescence in a reasonable interpretation of the conditions which were originally left undefined.

The prospect of peace is still, of course, contingent on the sincerity of Russia; but although the failure of previous negotiations excites natural suspicion, there is reason to believe that the Austrian proposals have been accepted in good faith. With any ulterior designs which may be entertained by the Court of St. Petersburg, the Allies have no immediate concern. The Emperor ALEXANDER may possibly meditate a development of the resources of his empire which may hereafter enable him to resume his father's policy with better prospects of success, and it is also likely that efforts may be made to restore the Russo-French alliance which was established at Tilsit, and partially revived in the reign of CHARLES X.; but no peace could ever be made if the negotiators were deterred from accomplishing their task by the anticipation that it might be undone at some remote period. It has been suggested that even the party which is popularly typified by the name of the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE is reconciled to unavoidable concessions by the prospect of the facilities which an interval of peace will afford for the construction of railways, and of other works which may hereafter increase the military strength of Russia. If, however, the conjecture is true, we have no reason to quarrel with an ambition which is perfectly legitimate. The cultivation of the arts of peace will probably not increase the national disposition to war; and every State has a right to cherish its own internal sources of wealth and power.

Any danger which may arise from a possible alliance between Russia and France must be met when the contingency occurs. The only security against such combinations is to be found in the permanent interests of the States which may be induced to form them. The same causes which have made a Russo-French policy of aggression

rare and exceptional, will continue to operate on the international relations of Europe; and one immediate effect of such an alliance would be at any time to throw Austria, and probably Prussia, into the arms of England. Even the informal overtures of friendship with France which have recently been thrown out by the Russian organs, are by no means acceptable at Vienna. Some speculators are of opinion that, interrupted in her encroachments upon Turkey, Russia will now be more than ever formidable to Germany, but it is by no means certain that such a change of policy would be unfavourable to English interests. The warlike and civilized German nation would be a far more efficient ally than the Porte in any future war with the CZAR; and France can never support Russian schemes of aggrandisement without abandoning to England the exclusive protectorate of the Baltic States and of the Turkish dominions. At all events, the warnings which are directed against the ambitious schemes of Russia for the future, assume the pacific intentions which are to furnish the means of realizing them. If the CZAR desires a breathing-time, he will take the only step which can procure it; nor will he prepare for a French alliance by continuing a war in which France is one of his principal adversaries. Count NESSELRODE has publicly announced that Russia feels herself overmatched, and foresees the extension of the present coalition. The actual exhaustion of the Empire can be but approximately conjectured, but it is known to be extreme; and it would not perhaps be safe or easy to renew the strain which has been unavoidably relaxed by the anticipation of peace. Both at the beginning and at the end of a war, rumours of an impending change have a tendency to realize themselves. Enthusiasm and resolution cool when it becomes doubtful whether they will, after all, be wanted.

The recent adoption by the *Moniteur* of an article in the *Siecle*, seems to prove that the French Government is prepared to insist on the dismantling of Nicolaieff; and it is difficult to understand what arguments the Russian Plenipotentiaries can urge against the natural interpretation of the concession to which they are already pledged. The river Bug requires no military dockyard, nor are the ships which float down its channel intended for any purpose except the service of the Black Sea. Nicolaieff is not only one of the arsenals contemplated in the project of the Allies—it has been the building station of the fleet, which was only docked and repaired at Sebastopol. If the Russian Government intends to keep its promises, the arsenal will be useless; and, in any case, the Allies will decline to recognise the possibility that the stipulations of the treaty may be hereafter disregarded. It has been said, probably on insufficient authority, that Austria advocates an interpretation of her project, as regards this point, more favourable to Russia than that adopted by the Western Powers; but Count Buol will not fail to listen to reason, if it is firmly put forward by the stronger of the two parties whom he desires to reconcile. As no intention exists of interfering with the commercial marine of Russia, the argument that Nicolaieff is necessary to the trade of the Bug will be wholly inapplicable. It is only as a naval arsenal for military purposes that the Allies desire to suppress it.

Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE and his colleagues at Constantinople have anticipated the plenipotentiaries of Paris in one complicated portion of their labours. The rights of the Turkish Christians, for which all the belligerents have professed unanimous enthusiasm, have been conceded in ample measure. There are, indeed, sceptics who accuse the PORTE of an ambiguous policy in its adoption of the large demands put forward by the Western Powers. It is said that local Pashas will take little notice of the SULTAN's decrees, that the Rayahs themselves will reject privileges purchased by liability to military service, and that a more limited liberality would have been less suspicious. Yet, if AALI PASHA is asked for something beyond words and parchments, he

may reasonably urge that his Government has done all in its power by undertaking to remodel the laws of the Empire. Treaties and conventions are but words. A few phrases of submission addressed to NICHOLAS would have averted the war; and ample promises, carried out in formal decrees, may well satisfy, or at least silence, the Allies. There is no alternative between acquiescence in the imperfections of Turkish Government, and a dangerous interference. The Christians in the Ottoman Empire would, probably, derive little benefit from the direct protection of England and France, and the active intrusion of Russia and Austria into the domestic affairs of Turkey would be far more oppressive than the existing system.

The Danubian Principalities will, under any circumstances, continue subject to the influence of their powerful neighbours; but it is desirable that the nominal sovereignty of Turkey should be preserved, for the purpose of securing the inhabitants against absorption by the two great Monarchies. For the interests of European commerce, it is important that they should be entirely free from the police and quarantine regulations of Austria and Russia. The nominal form of government which may be adopted in the Provinces is of less consequence than its nationality; but it will be difficult to guard against foreign encroachment. The dominion assumed by Austria over Tuscany is not less incompatible with the public law of Europe than would be the future establishment of a similar Protectorate in Moldavia and Wallachia. The jealousy of Russia may, however, possibly prove to be the best security against Austrian interference.

No treaty can anticipate all abuses, or give to the half-civilized East the permanence and tranquillity which belong to a more settled condition of society; yet some abuses will be removed, and some dangers will be obviated, by the approaching settlement. The real and most important result of the war, consisting in the check offered to Russian ambition, will not be expressed in the treaty. After all, however, valuable as may be the formal guarantees which diplomacy may succeed in obtaining, the best security for the future peace of Europe is furnished by the discovery that England and France can act together, and that their union is irresistible.

THE DIVISION-LIST ON SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

THE great marvel of the dark ages is the simultaneous conversion of whole nations and entire tribes. In these conquests of the faith, there is no room for the slow sapping of conviction, or even for the sudden illumination of individual minds. The only modern parallel to the process is the application of a spark to a train of gunpowder. Holding up the sacred symbol, the intrepid apostle traverses forest and morass, and reaches some horde of barbarians who worship a sword-blade, the trunk of a tree, or a Druidical circle. A few homilies to the chieftain—a few masses said before the Court—and the thing is done. A thousand eager hands are busy in burning the old idols; converts are baptized by thousands in a single day; and a new people is reckoned, not only among the adherents, but among the passionate zealots of Christianity.

We had imagined that men's hearts had grown harder since those times, but the success of Lord SHAFESBURY last week has quite undeviated us. The fiery cross sent by his Lordship through all the churches has been as efficacious as the crucifix in the hands of Saint AUGUSTINE or Saint REMIGIUS. We know no ancient chronicle which tells a more marvellous tale than the division-list of Thursday week. There are some men of whom, little as one knows of them, one can always venture to assert that they don't go regularly to Church. As one passes up Pall Mall or St. James's-street, early on Sunday afternoon (on one's way from Westminster Abbey, of course), there are certain faces at the Club-windows which one is morally convinced have not gazed on a preacher that morning. Positively, three-fourths of these gentlemen are in the majority of Thursday—the old gentlemen whom one remembers in yellow waistcoats, the middle-aged gentlemen in black waistcoats, the young gentlemen in coloured waistcoats. There is also another class of men whom you wouldn't expect to hold strong opinions on Sabbath observance—the sort of people who may be seen at Doncaster or Epsom, with a business-like air and a small note-book, and countenances slightly agitated as the lot is coming round Tottenham Corner. Every one of them is in the majority. All the hunting men are there. All the

railway men are there. All the speculating men are there. The whole cave of Adullam has made up its mind as to the wickedness of Sunday amusements. Even Mr. MUNTZ succumbs to Lord SHAFESBURY's *mitis depone colla, Sicamber*, and, like CLOVIS, not only comes over himself, but insists on bringing the men of Birmingham with him.

But perhaps the most edifying feature of the division is the unanimity of the lawyers in opposing Sir JOSHUA WALMSLEY. Things have indeed changed since the days of Lord ELDON—that buttress of the Church who could never be got inside it. As a general rule, a lawyer's Sunday has not hitherto been considered exemplary. Judges and leading counsel have been known to give dinners on that day, and we have heard it whispered that the hard-worked junior will occasionally lock himself into his chamber to sweep up the odd ends and remnants of the week's business. Such profanities are never heard of now. Mr. CAIRNS would rather die than draw a bill after twelve o'clock on Saturday night. Mr. MONTAGU CHAMBERS teaches in a Sunday-school. Mr. MALINS is Churchwarden in his parish, and sits in the large pew with the red curtains round it to veil his blushes. One cannot drop into Court on a week-day without perceiving the improvement which has been effected in the modesty, courtesy, and fair-dealing of the profession, now that it has learned to listen once a week to pleadings which cannot be demurred to, and to declamation which admits of no reply. Indeed, the debate of Thursday week is most significant as to the extent to which divinity is studied by the English and Irish bar. Mr. CAIRNS, whose speech is a perfect mine of theological argument, lays it down that it is impossible to contend that the fourth commandment applies to Saturday, on account of the day which is lost by crossing the Equator. Does Mr. CAIRNS believe that England is at the antipodes of Palestine? And, supposing that it were so, what is his argument? There is a legend that, when a ship gets to the other side of the world, there is always a dispute between the captain and the crew as to which shall be the dropped day. The skipper always wishes it to be Sunday—the ship's company are for having it a working day. Does Mr. CAIRNS, while he partially agrees with the crew, consider it should always be Saturday? And here we conjure him not to adventure himself rashly into the province of the divines. We see that he holds the sin of our First Parents to have been Sabbath-breaking. Little as Mr. CAIRNS may suspect it, this is an heretical position, and equally to be condemned with that of the Editor of *Jasher*. Mr. NAPIER's course is much more judicious. He cites a *dictum* of Lord COKE that "*dies Sabbati*" does not mean Saturday, and insists on it as conclusive against Lord STANLEY, to whom he is replying. Lord COKE has met with singular treatment from the lawyers of late. Ex-Chancellors tell the House of Lords to disregard his authority on a point of law—ex-Attorney-Generals expect the House of Commons to bow to it on a question of religion.

Dr. ARNOLD thought that the hasty conversions of the barbarians were the true source of the corruptions of the Church. Perhaps the evangelization of the House of Commons is not altogether beyond suspicion. In one or two instances, we have evidence, not only of the state of the convert's mind before and after the process, but even of the nature and course of the operation itself. Take an example from the lawyers. When Lord ROBERT GROSVENOR's Sunday-trading Bill was before Parliament, Mr. W. N. MASSEY opposed it. He contended, not simply that there should be no prohibition of amusement on Sunday—he argued that labour itself ought to be free from restraint or limitation. Not very long ago, the electors of Newport held a meeting and resolved that Mr. MASSEY's views on the Sabbath question were unsound. On Thursday week, Mr. MASSEY voted in the majority, and affirmed the impropriety of opening the Crystal Palace or British Museum after morning service on Sunday. If this little story furnishes any clue to the influences which the House of Commons obeyed, we can imagine no more melancholy indication of the rottenness of English society than this great majority. People have been moralizing all the week on the fate of an unhappy man whom the *aestrus* of speculation drove first to dishonesty, and afterwards to suicide. It is a far worse symptom that three hundred and odd gentlemen of the best blood, spirit, intellect, and fortune in England, should solemnly affirm that which they do not believe, or only half believe, at the bidding of the flock of the lesser Bethel, and the worshippers of the greater Ebenezer.

THE AMERICAN DISPUTE.

THE lapse of time diminishes the risk of a collision with the United States. The English interpretation of the disputed treaty has been adopted by a portion of the American press; and there is reason to hope that the unsatisfactory tone of the debate in the Senate, even if it expresses the real policy of the speakers, by no means represents the national feeling. Although Mr. CASS, Mr. SEWARD, and Mr. FOOTE have successively vied with Mr. CLAYTON in avowals of hostility to England, and in menaces of an appeal to arms, it is doubtful whether the indignant orators who insist on our immediate concession of the points in dispute really wish to be taken at their word. Notwithstanding the discreditable violence of Mr. CLAYTON's language, he must be perfectly aware that, while scarcely a score of Englishmen attach any importance to Ruatan or to the Mosquito Protectorate, not a dozen could be found to advise an unconditional surrender in place of a submission to arbitration. Mr. ROEBUCK, perhaps, might have been less eager to make an attack on his own Government in time for the New York mail, if he had known that the recruiting grievance appeared to be almost forgotten on the other side of the water. It may be doubted whether constructive infringements of neutrality are peculiarly offensive to that class of the population which is likely to join in a cry for war with England; and the peaceable citizens who are at present meditating pleasure tours to Nicaragua, may learn to tolerate the caprices of the Germans and Irishmen who, twelve months since, preferred an excursion to Halifax.

Those members of the Senate who pretend to the character of statesmen are probably influenced by domestic considerations in their efforts to concentrate public interest on a question of foreign policy. The temptation to suppress internal dissensions by the prospect of a national war has often beset Governments and political leaders, and it is not surprising that the PRESIDENT and his adherents should wish to create a popular agitation against England, which seems to have no independent existence; but free communities, however subject to occasional delusions, resent attempts to trade upon their prejudices. The patriots of the Senate are at liberty to denounce British perfidy without contradiction, while the political activity of the country is employed in conflicts wholly unconnected either with the recruiting question or with the Protectorate of Mosquito. Americans not unfrequently grumble at the limited amount of attention which is devoted to their affairs by Englishmen; but on the present occasion, a similar complaint might be more justly made on this side of the Atlantic. The Central American dispute has excited far less interest in the United States than the long struggle in the House of Representatives, which terminated with the election of Mr. BANKS. The victory of the Republicans, coinciding with the disturbances which have taken place in the Kansas territory, places the Lower House in opposition to the Administration, and gives the North a triumph over the South. The Senate would prefer a dispute with England, which must be eventually adjusted, to the collision of irreconcilable principles which periodically threatens the safety of the Union; but there is reason to hope that the instinctive tact which has heretofore devised so many practical compromises may once more succeed in averting a civil conflict by expedients less rude and less dangerous than a gratuitous quarrel with Great Britain.

Those who are irritated or alarmed by the vituperations of Mr. CLAYTON or Mr. CASS will do well to study the language which the conflicting parties in the States delight to apply to each other. The Kansas quarrel, arising in the alleged irruption of Missourians to swamp the local elections, is undoubtedly serious; but it would be rash to measure the intentions of either party by their own avowals, or by the complaints of their antagonists. A manifesto of certain zealous advocates of slavery was issued more than a month ago, containing the following startling announcement:—"The Kickapoo Rangers are at this moment beating to arms. A large number of Pro-slavery men will leave this place for Eastin in twenty minutes. The war has again commenced, and the Abolitionists have again commenced it. Pro-slavery men, law and order men—strike for your altars! strike for your friends! strike for your rights! Avenge the blood of your brethren who have been cowardly assassinated, but who have bravely fallen in defence of Southern institutions! Sound the bugle of war over the length and breadth of the land, and leave not an Abo-

litionist in the Territory to relate their treacherous and contaminating deeds! Strike your piercing rifle-balls and your glittering steel to their black and poisonous hearts. Let the war-cry never cease in Kansas again, until our Territory is wrested clear of the last vestige of Abolitionism." It is not surprising that the opposite party are fortifying the town of Lawrence, or that the PRESIDENT has issued a proclamation against violations of the public peace; but the glittering steel of the Kickapoo Rangers will not for the present find its way to the black and poisonous hearts of the citizens who have the misfortune to differ from them.

The representative Assemblies of the Sovereign States are not exempt from the disposition to exchange similar amenities. The Legislature of Vermont lately transmitted, through its Governor, certain Resolutions against Slavery to the Governor and Legislature of Georgia. In reply, it was proposed that the General Assembly of Georgia should formally request his Excellency the GOVERNOR "to transmit the Vermont Resolutions forthwith to the deep, dark, and fetid sink of social and political iniquity from which they emanated, with the following unequivocal declaration inscribed thereon:—*Resolved*, That Georgia, standing on her constitutional palladium, heeds not the maniac ravings of hell-born fanaticism, nor stoops from her lofty position to hold terms with perjured traitors." Another member moved that the resolves of the Georgia Committee of 1850 should be transmitted to Vermont, with a leaden bullet inclosed therein. Eventually, the obnoxious document was referred to the Committee on the State of the Republic, under a promise from the Chairman that the Committee would recommend "some active indication of contempt." In the Senate, a really humorous Resolution was proposed:—"That his Excellency President PIERCE be requested to employ a sufficient number of able-bodied Irishmen to proceed to the State of Vermont, and to dig a ditch round the limits of the same, and to float 'the thing' into the Atlantic."

Such a method of dealing with public affairs seems, according to European notions, neither prudent nor dignified; but nevertheless the Union exists and flourishes, with a vigour, and even with an orderly progress, unknown to the decorous despotisms of the Old World. It is strange, but true, that one State can safely describe another as a fetid sink of iniquity. Screams and shouts have a tendency to become inarticulate, and abusive language, when it has reached a certain point, ceases to convey any offensive meaning. Vermont will, like Georgia, maintain the attitude which is described as "standing on her constitutional palladium." The "maniac ravings of hell-born fanaticism" are, at the worst, only words. It is not extraordinary, while such is the language of domestic political discussion, that Federal diplomacy should sometimes adopt a blustering tone; but the height of the one-sided quarrel has probably passed over, and the challenge which the PRESIDENT and a portion of the Senate seemed willing to offer has neither been echoed by the American people, nor taken up in England. Whatever may be the wish of the Administration, the Republicans will not be diverted from attempts to improve their recent victory.

There is no real conflict of interests between England and the United States. Many politicians may be of opinion that, so long as existing British possessions are respected, it is unnecessary to interfere with the expansion of the great Republic over the American Continent; but, on the other hand, it is impossible for the English Government, by recognising the MONROE doctrine in terms, to sanction the establishment by a single State, for its own exclusive benefit, of a new rule of international law. The immediate question in dispute is by this time generally understood; and it must be admitted that the claim of the Government of Washington to interfere with English settlements or interests in Central America can only be founded either on the Treaty of 1850, or on an assumed alliance with the petty Republics of the Isthmus. Although an arbitrator might possibly adopt the American interpretation of that instrument, it is absurd to pretend that the Convention negotiated by Sir H. BULWER and Mr. CLAYTON has been violated in its obvious and literal sense. Nicaragua and the adjacent States have been aware, from the first moment of their existence, that England denied their right to the territory which extends round the coast from Greytown to the frontier of Honduras. The district which nominally belonged to the Mosquito Indians is an uninhabited desert, with the exception of two or three small trading settlements; and neither the Spaniards, nor the mixed races who have suc-

ceeded to their pretensions, ever occupied any portion of the country. Several projects have been formed for establishing European settlements on the Mosquito coast, but they have all failed from economical causes. Had any of these attempts proved successful, the question of title would soon have been practically solved, for no English or German settlers would have submitted to the impotent and semi-barbarous Government of Nicaragua; but the real sovereignty was, down to 1850, exercised by the British consul in the name of the titular king, nor could the American Government, ten or fifteen years ago, have raised any valid objection to the assumption of nominal as well as actual dominion by England. Some of the indignant patriots of the Senate have absurdly relied on a recent treaty by which Spain surrenders to Nicaragua all her former rights of sovereignty; but cession of territory which the grantor has not occupied at any period within thirty or forty years cannot possibly affect the rights or claims of any third party. So far as England and the United States are concerned, a Convention between Spain and Nicaragua is *res inter alios acta*. If the argument were worth following out, it might be contended that, by accepting a new title, Nicaragua had conceded the futility of the pretensions hitherto urged against the Mosquitos and the Protecting Power. At all events, the new right of dominion derived from Spain is transparently fictitious.

The Government of the United States may perhaps feel a diminished interest in a controversy which recent circumstances may not improbably modify. While Mr. BUCHANAN has been urging upon Lord CLARENCEON complaints of English encroachments in the Bay of Islands, an American adventurer has taken possession of Nicaragua, with a prospect of reuniting, under his own influence, the whole region in dispute. The PRESIDENT has hitherto refused to recognise WALKER; but if the intruders succeed in maintaining their position, they will be entitled to the rights of a *de facto* Government, and although annexation may be delayed, a virtual Protectorate must, from the nature of the case, vest in the United States. In the mean time, the canal contemplated by the Convention of 1850 is said to have been found impracticable; and accordingly, the provisions of the Treaty have in a great measure ceased to be applicable to existing circumstances. The right of WALKER will not bear a nice investigation, but it is substantially the title of CORTES and PIZARRO. The people of Nicaragua and New Granada are half-civilized mongrel Spaniards, with a predominance of Indian blood. According to the usual course of human affairs, they will succumb to a more vigorous and enterprising race; and no consideration of honour or of policy requires England to interfere with a mode of aggrandisement which America owes less to ambition, or to successful perfidy, than to the natural superiority of strength over weakness.

MASKS AND FACES.

WE have heard a good deal of late of "representative men"—a phrase which, in the tongue spoken by Mr. EMERSON, is equivalent to the "Hero" of the Carlylese dialect. Even articulately-speaking mortals of the psychological order often remind us that every age has its specific tendency and character, and that every such tendency expresses itself in some remarkable and culminating specimen. LUTHER did not produce the Reformation; but the awakened intelligence of Europe became concrete in the monk of Wittemberg. According to such authorities, such a man as the late JOHN SADLEIR is a necessity of the times. The age was as much bound by natural laws of development to fructify in a SADLEIR, as the mellow autumn is compelled to the abundance of corn and wine. If this be so, we can only say that it is a very ugly necessity of the nineteenth century, and that, on the whole, we have but little to be thankful for as to the success of our optimist and perfectibility theories. Better, as many think, the ruder times of coarse passion and savage violence, when, at least, the wickedness of man was an intelligible and palpable thing, than these varnished and French-polished days of hypocrisy and respectable proprieties. The age of iron may favourably contrast with the age of paper—the tyranny of barons, and the sanguinary feuds of Italian brigandage, do less violence to the moral sense than the normal crimes of the nineteenth century. The share-list probably represents as many tears, as much starvation, orphanage, and widowhood, and (because more deliberate)

as much savage cruelty as all that we read in the ghastly chronicles of Middle Age riot and rapine; while, as regards the individual, the typical criminal of our own days far transcends the commonplace BORGIAS and CATILINEs of the moralists.

Take this unhappy JOHN SADLEIR. We fear that he only brings out, in its most exaggerated shape, a character and career so common that, in too many quarters, it is scarcely treated, in its beginnings and progress, as even a matter of suspicion. This person is no exceptional man—he merely embodies, in a vastly magnified form, a recognised type. Just as, according to Mr. OWEN, the human skeleton fulfils and exhausts the vertebrate analogues, so in SADLEIR the commercial spirit reaches its sublime perfection. He was a man of respectable parentage, endowed by nature with no mean powers, pursuing a path of entire respectability, disgraced by no commonplace vices, simple in manners, inexpensive in habits. Apparently he combined all the decencies, and many of the graces of social life. He rose by his own merits and exertions. And yet, in all this, he had but one life-long purpose to fulfil—everything that he did was but subordinate to the single end of enriching himself. Even the very highest of social pursuits—the madly engrossing one of politics and administrative influence—JOHN SADLEIR only used as an instrument. He became a Lord of the Treasury merely to condense and fortify his powers and influence in the City. Downing-street itself was, with SADLEIR, but a dark passage to Capel-court; and with exquisite skill and consummate tact, he arranged his whole manner of life to effect his single object. His line was to illustrate and practise the genial, decorous, staid, moderate, sensible, and well-regulated proprieties. He was not the slave of passion, nor the victim of taste—he seemed but to ask, and to be thankful for, the happy poetical mean between poverty and riches. He kept a small and gentlemanly establishment, a moderate stud, and a quiet house. He affected neither the voluntary nor the ascetic. By birth and education a member of an exceptional religion, and connected with a peculiar and extreme political party, he nevertheless contrived to mould even his peculiarities and social angularities into the means of increasing and enlarging his influence. He was a Romanist, but a liberal one. He belonged to "the Irish party," but managed to show, by a blameless life and business-like habits, that such professions and connexions did not necessitate personal turbulence, insincerity, or venality. This was his rôle—to prove that, with some national and social disadvantages, an earnest, honest, hard-headed, sensible person, displaying practical talents and personal moderation, deserved and could acquire influence. In working out this aim, he displayed the most consummate and consistent skill, and he so far succeeded as to attain an honourable official position. Being, however, associated with others who happened to fulfil the very character which this consummate hypocrite only simulated, he very soon fell into two or three blunders, or rather delinquencies, which entailed on him the necessity of quitting with discredit Lord ABERDEEN's Administration.

But though the political scaffold which SADLEIR had raised for his fortunes prematurely snapped in its main timbers, there was quite enough of respectability left to give his name marketable value. SADLEIR had what CHARTRES would have given 20,000*l.* for—a substantial character. This was his capital; and for years he drew upon unfailing assets. And here is the moral, and yet the mystery, of this sort of career. That a man should wear a mask all his life is common enough; but that, being so wise, he should do such foolish things, is the paradox. Its inconsistency is the marvel. How a man prudent, reserved, cool and calculating in every relation, could sustain for years, not only this double existence and this living contradiction, but could sustain it by such reckless folly—and all for so very little solid gratification—is the riddle. The old doctrine of Satanic possession seems alone to account for it. It is inconceivable how a man like SADLEIR could fail to comprehend his position, or to anticipate the inevitable collapse. PAUL and STRAHAN might fancy that a lucky chance might *recoupe* them; but, in SADLEIR's case, the forgeries and illegal issues once completed, a retrieving step was simply impossible. With dishonest appropriation of assets on every side—with forged deeds, fictitious securities, and illegitimate shares, to the value, on a single "transaction," of a quarter of a million, closing their inextricable meshes around him—each day only brought with it a new crime,

and a more inevitable certainty of detection. And yet all went on smoothly, calmly, and respectably, with the perpetrator of this enormous and increasing mass of roguery and wickedness. Not a scratch on the skin betrayed the hidden cancer—not a ripple ruffled the smooth tranquillity of the Dead Sea within him. The decorous statesman—the worthy chairman—the genial sportsman—in all shone the well-regulated and polished mediocrities. In the committee-room, in the board-room, at the cover-side, the even smile and ordinary speech never betrayed the hell raging, and seething, and scorching within. Far be it from us to conjecture the awful secrets of future retribution; but, heavily as SADLEIR has sinned, more heavily has he already been punished. No fiercer woes could the imagination of poets devise, or the severity of divines anticipate, than such a life as he doomed himself to lead. At any rate, man could not visit him with heavier vengeance than was the daily punishment which he inflicted on himself. We do not speak of the last act of commonplace despair on Hampstead Heath. The horrors of that protracted and struggling Saturday in the city—the ominous and half-playful, and therefore so deeply tragic, allusion, in his last interview with the one familiar friend whom he trusted, to that "long journey" which he was about to take—the final burst of his agonizing remorse, in his last letters—the crash of those weary years of hypocrisy, but not of self-deceit—the bankruptcy of those hopes, and schemes, and plots, on which he had forfeited honour, self-respect, peace, and life, this world and the next—these things only lose their impressive character when, by enlarging on their obvious moral, we allow them to pass out of the domain of simple narrative. There is, in mediæval legend, a ghastly tale of a dead monk who, at his own obsequies, announced to the shuddering brethren that he was condemned by the great judgment of God. SADLEIR, too, reveals his sin and its doom. "Speculation"—that conventional euphemism for dishonesty and fraud—that convenient sepulchre which hides so much social, or at least commercial rottenness—writes its own epitaph in SADLEIR's frightful letters. Will the warning of his life and death be lost in "the City?"

We must, however, utterly condemn much that has been said and done in connexion with this terrible event. In the *coulisses* of the press, SADLEIR's fate has been mouthed and mumbled over by the partisan hate of political and polemical scribblers. Yet, in his outer life, he only displayed that tact and ability of which the State might well seek to avail itself; and in religion, as far as we learn, he exhibited or simulated those very virtues which generally command social confidence. His line was the respectable, and it is no wonder that he succeeded in it. If his external life appears to tell against his political or religious associates, it is only because respectability and moderation, business-like habits and natural powers, were in his case, as they always ought to be, safe cards in the game of life. Either this is the commonplace moral of SADLEIR's past successes, or the extremely inconvenient conclusion follows, that folly and bigotry are better credentials for official employment than sobriety and respectability. On another, though far less serious ground, we have reason to complain in connexion with this case. Whatever may have been SADLEIR's guilt, it ought not to have been brought out in this way—with the Coroner's inquest for the tribunal, Coroner WAKLEY for the judge, and Jack Straw's Castle for the scene of this terrible inquisition. The moral tragedy sinks already into the vulgar melodramatic. Instead of the avenging furies of moral retribution, we get only a "domestic drama" of "thrilling interest" and in the genuine Adelphi style. The public curiosity is stimulated to the extremest *rabies* of vulgar and inquisitive prurience. Exaggerations, suspicions, gossip, are invited and invented—the nauseous appetite for domestic and personal horrors is catered for—a useless inquiry is dragged on from week to week—and all for what? To discover what never can be decided, and what is entrusted to, perhaps, the most incompetent tribunal upon earth—the exact state of mind, whether sane, or responsible, or morally conscious, and if so, to what extent, and under what limitations, of JOHN SADLEIR, at that fatal midnight moment on Hampstead Heath. We earnestly protest against more of this most painful inquiry. What possible good can come of it? A single policeman's evidence, and half an hour's inquiry, showed that JOHN SADLEIR perished by his own hand. If—and as regards property we do not deny it—society has a right to investigate the insoluble question of

the suicide's sanity, let this be done before a respectable tribunal. Let the matter be conducted decently and in order—let there be an end of the contemptible farce of "medical witnesses" wrangling before a public-house jury, and arguing out their already-published and very crude theories on the tests and evidences of moral and partial insanity—and, as the most material step, let the right of the Crown to the goods of the *felo de se* be at once relinquished. In other words, let this claim follow the exploded deadand.

THE LIFE-PEERAGE QUESTION.

THE Ministers have wisely determined not to persevere in the attempt to force a life-peer into the House of Lords. Lord DERBY's argument, on Monday evening, against the general policy of a step which was chiefly objectionable on constitutional grounds, was, under the circumstances, at least ill-timed; but a great majority of the peers would undoubtedly accept his conclusions. It may be collected from Lord LANSDOWNE's speech that the Cabinet, as a body, was by no means zealous in favour of the measure; and it is difficult to understand how a statesman who repudiates a large creation of life-peers, and at the same time objects to any considerable increase in the number of law lords, can have given his assent to the proposal of his colleagues.

Even if it were assumed, for the sake of argument, that the WENSLEYDALE project was justifiable, the Ministers may well admit that the experiment has failed. Some extrinsic support was indispensable to a measure which was evidently opposed to the spirit of the constitution, although its authors have painfully struggled to reconcile it with the letter of the law; but the LORD CHANCELLOR and the PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL are now fully aware that, right or wrong, they stand alone. In the country at large, not a dozen partisans advocate life-peerges on the grounds assigned by Ministers; while, in the House of Lords, the Government has not yet enlisted a single supporter on any ground whatever. The large and intelligent minority which voted in the different divisions against Lord LYNDHURST, has given, by its unbroken silence on the main question, the most conclusive testimony against the policy of the new creation. Those who voted, first against the Committee of Privileges, and afterwards in favour of the reference to the Judges, sufficiently proved their anxiety to save the Government from defeat; but not a single independent peer has declared an opinion in favour of Lord WENSLEYDALE's patent. Lord GLENELG professed himself wholly incapable of deciding, without further assistance, on the technical question of law; and while the majority which rejected his motion was unanimous against the Ministerial measure, the minority only wished to provide for the Government some means of escape. Lord GREY, who declined to vote for Lord GLENELG's proposal, recommended that the admission of Lord WENSLEYDALE should be accompanied by securities against the repetition of an impolitic and unconstitutional proceeding; and Lord ABERDEEN, who has steadily voted with the Government on collateral issues, significantly intimated his substantial coincidence of opinion with Lord LYNDHURST.

The authors of the measure can scarcely be surprised at their isolated position in their own House, when they look out of doors for comfort and sympathy. While the country at large is indifferent to the question, "Liberal" journals are not unwilling to applaud the first attack on the hereditary character of the peerage. The opponents of the patent are accused of selfishness in defending the obsolete rights of their order against the claims of democratic energy and ambition; and zealous patriots willingly shut their eyes to an encroachment of the Crown, provided that a blow is dealt against the aristocracy. The "Leading Journal" repeats the bold assertion that the House of Lords exists by the prerogative alone; and the Weekly Jester, as usual, warms up fragments of the fallacies of the *Times* into a mess of vapid banter, tempered to suit the Cockney palate. Such expressions of a supposed public opinion have done little to strengthen the Government. It was impossible to tell the House of Lords that the WENSLEYDALE patent was the commencement of a democratic revolution. The advocates of life-peerges in the press have, in fact, drawn the very inference which the Ministers themselves most strenuously repudiated. Neither within nor without the walls of Parliament has a voice been raised in support of the proceeding as consistent with constitutional practice, or as conducive to the maintenance of the existing constitutional system.

Lord CRANWORTH and Lord GRANVILLE have, however, almost redeemed their mistake by their gallant struggle with overwhelming difficulties. Against a decisive preponderance of ability, and in defence of an untenable position, they have fought, unaided, with a spirit and perseverance worthy of a better cause. Notwithstanding the impossibility of avowing the only motive which could justify a revolutionary experiment, the CHANCELLOR skilfully converted his defence into an attack, by accusing his antagonists of precipitancy and innovation. The first magistrate of the realm seemed for a moment to resume his fitting position, when he undertook the vindication of the prerogative against an alleged encroachment. The refusal of the Lords to admit into their body a new member, bearing the Queen's writ, is undoubtedly an act of unprecedented boldness; and it was not for the CHANCELLOR to dwell on the anterior innovation of an irregular and unprecedented writ. It is difficult to believe Lord CAMPBELL to be in error in his opinion that the patent and the writ must be taken together. Six weeks ago, the CHANCELLOR, in affixing the Great Seal to the patent, must assuredly have thought that he submitted for the Royal signature a valid and operative document; and although the argument that the writ alone confers a right to a seat in the House of Lords may possibly be sound, it is visibly an afterthought.

Lord GRANVILLE and his colleague can scarcely be blamed for taunting their opponents with apparent verbal inconsistencies; but the change from uncertainty or ambiguity to positive condemnation of the new experiment in reality adds strength to the judgment which the law lords have finally formed. Before the question had practically arisen, lawyers passively accepted Lord COKE's well-known dictum. It was said that the Crown had the power to create peerages for life, but not for years, because the dignity would in that case vest in the executors. The fantastic reason alleged for the exception might well have thrown a doubt on the soundness of the rule; for if Sir J. PARKE had been created a baron for a term of ninety-nine years, the only title which would have survived to his personal representatives would have been that of Executors of the late Lord WENSLEYDALE. Lord LYNDHURST, however, has shown that Lord COKE's main proposition is not supported by precedent; and he has further suggested that more than two hundred years have elapsed since the Institutes were written. A shorter period has sufficed to modify the Constitution in every respect; and the same interval has elapsed since writs were last issued, at the pleasure of the Crown, to boroughs previously unrepresented in Parliament. The vague impressions which prevailed among lawyers, while the question continued practically unimportant have been gradually cleared up and reduced to order in the course of the recent discussions. It is now admitted, on all hands, that the Crown is legally capable of creating a baronial dignity for life; but on the other hand, no precedent has been produced to prove that the holder of a life-peerage is entitled to take his seat in the House of Lords. The opinions of the text-writers, including Lord COKE himself, are confined to the personal peerage; and Sir M. HALE's silence on the subject, although it is said to be as significant as Lord BURLEIGH's shake of the head, can at the most be only interpreted as sanctioning the terms of the passage on which he has abstained from commenting. The majority of the House has voted, not that the creation of a life-peer is illegal, but that Lord WENSLEYDALE has exhibited no qualification for taking his seat; and the Lord CHANCELLOR, finding no adherent who would maintain that his act was either prudent or constitutional, was driven to the startling assertion that the QUEEN'S writ is in itself conclusive and unquestionable.

Cases may be imagined in which the defence of prerogative against privilege might worthily employ the energies of a statesman. Both Lord GRANVILLE and Lord CRANWORTH made the most of their character as champions of the Crown, but an untoward incident unfortunately led to the discovery that their vindication of a great principle was, like the substitution of the writ for the patent, only an ingenious afterthought. Most men have at some time found themselves giving logical and plausible reasons for some course which they had really adopted by accident, without troubling themselves with any theory whatever. In the midst of an elaborate exposition of motives—"I thought it, on these grounds, my duty to do this," and "I was deterred by such and such considerations from doing that"—nothing is more awkward than the interruption of a candid friend, who re-

minds the apologist of a previous confession that he "had never thought about it at all." It was thus that the Duke of ARGYLL, on Monday night, burst in upon his decorous colleagues with the earnest assurance that the Cabinet had never supposed that any constitutional question was involved in the WENSLEYDALE peerage. There is no use in attempting to retract or explain away a confession so convincing, as well as amusing, in its simplicity. The Ministers have made a venial mistake, and two of their number have done their best to carry them through the involuntary scrape. When the culprit who wakes in the middle of a sermon instantaneously assumes an air of profound meditation, few persons are disposed to complain of his innocent hypocrisy; but it is as well not to insist that he shut his eyes on principle. Neither the CHANCELLOR nor the PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL originally intended to claim for the Crown all the obsolete prerogatives of the PLANTAGENETS; and still less can it have been their wish to revive the practice of a time when peerages were generally conferred with the approval and consent of Parliament. Taking a short cut to the removal of a practical inconvenience, they forgot, as the Duke of ARGYLL confesses, that they were raising a great constitutional question; and it is better for the two advocates of the measure to discontinue the contest than to persevere in maintaining that they have accidentally taken the right side in a controversy which they had not anticipated. Several methods may be devised for removing the present anomalies of the Supreme Court of Appeal, but no such change can be legitimately introduced without the authority of Parliament. The matter has, however, on Lord DERBY's motion, been referred to a Select Committee, by whom it will, we hope, be carefully considered in all its aspects. Perhaps the simplest course would consist in the transference of appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; but if the House of Lords clings to its ancient functions, the principal Judges might be created peers for life or during their tenure of office, either in virtue of their appointments or at the pleasure of the Crown. The establishment of a tribunal which is practically wanted cannot require as a condition an unconstitutional extension of the prerogative.

The Liberal party, or the journalists who assume to represent it, must also be content to obtain constitutional sanction for the project of introducing life-peers into the House of Lords. Nearly a century has elapsed since the nation was convulsed by the refusal of the House of Commons to admit a knight of the shire who had been duly elected by the freeholders of Middlesex. "WILKES and Liberty" was in all respects a better cry than "PARKE and Prerogative." The House of Commons introduced an innovation in rejecting WILKES—the House of Lords resists an innovation in protesting against the intrusion of Lord WENSLEYDALE. The legal side, for popular purposes at least, is the side of usage and precedent; and though it is not difficult to raise a clamour against the aristocracy, the attack must be made from below, in the name of liberty, and not from above, by the assertion of absolute power in the Crown. A notice in the *Gazette*, commanding that votes should be taken by ballot at the next election for a borough, would excite the contempt and indignation of the warmest partisans of secrecy.

The offensive character of the attempt to create an inferior caste in the House of Lords is illustrated by a patent which has passed the Great Seal in the middle of the WENSLEYDALE discussion. Sir GILBERT HEATHCOTE has been created a peer, with remainder to the heirs of his body. In ordinary times, the elevation of a wealthy commoner to the peerage would excite neither interest nor criticism; but it is difficult to abstain from a comparison between the rewards of personal merit and the premiums bestowed on those whom the aristocracy recognise as belonging to themselves. Sir GILBERT HEATHCOTE, a gentleman altogether unknown to fame, has probably enjoyed with decorum and propriety the large estate which he has inherited from a line of equally respectable ancestors. Sir JAMES PARKE has filled a high public office for thirty years with consummate ability, and he is expected to perform arduous duties in that House which will be a sinecure to the last-created baron. Yet Lord WENSLEYDALE is made a peer for the term of his natural life, while the barony conferred on Lord AVELAND will endure as long as his descendants exist. The measure which only prerogative zealots defend in its origin, while democrats applaud its supposed tendency, is, in its actual operation, an oligarchic triumph.

THE CRIMEA INQUIRY.

THE warrant appointing a Military Board to inquire into the charges against the officers inculpated by the Crimea Commission promises, if its instructions are fairly interpreted, a satisfactory investigation. We should have been better pleased, however, if the objects and functions of the Board had been defined with greater precision. There cannot be two opinions as to what those objects and functions ought to be. We do not want to sit in judgment on the Commissioners, but to make an inquiry into the statements contained in their Reports and in the accompanying evidence, so far as they affect the inculpated officers. An investigation thus restricted, instead of being a slight to the Commissioners, is the necessary complement of their labours. Their office was to ascertain facts, not to try delinquents. It was not their fault that the evidence obtained reflected strongly on the conduct of persons who held important positions in the army; nor could they do otherwise than report the substance of their discoveries. But they had neither the means nor the authority to try the officers to whose neglect the disasters of the army seemed to be traced. The Board now constituted will, however, have judicial powers which were not given to the Commissioners, and which they never affected to exercise, and will be able to afford to the accused the fair hearing which they have a right to claim. The publicity promised for the proceedings affords some guarantee that the authority committed to Lord SEATON and his colleagues will not be employed to discredit Sir JOHN MCNEILL and Colonel TULLOCH for the sake of screening those whose characters have suffered. Without this check, we should have had grave misgivings as to the course which the inquiry may take.

The Board is, in some respects, in the position rather of a grand jury than of a court of justice. Upon their verdict it will depend whether Sir R. AIREY, Colonel GORDON, Lords LUCAN and CARDIGAN, and Mr. FIDLER will have to take their trial before another tribunal; and their task will not be faithfully performed unless they record their opinion whether a court-martial ought or ought not to be held, together with their reasons, for the conclusion at which they may arrive. This, indeed, is the essential question which they have to decide. We will not believe that they will either seek to evade it, or give their judgment on one-sided evidence. Were they, however so disposed, they have considerable facilities for such a course. They have no power to compel witnesses to answer upon oath, and unless the Board or the Government undertake the duty, there is no one to act as prosecutor and to take care that the necessary evidence in support of the charges shall be produced. But for the jealousy with which the inquiry will be watched, the Board might easily degenerate into a Court for the registration of the defences which may be offered, and of the evidence which it may suit the QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL and his brother-officers to produce. If the inquiry is not to be sham, it must go much further than this. All the available evidence on both sides must be heard, and a fair verdict given between the public and the accused. On those officers who have been judicious enough, as yet, to reserve their defences, we shall make no observation calculated to prejudice their case. The two noble Earls, however, to whose command the cavalry was entrusted, have been rash enough to parade their excuses before the public without waiting for the judicial inquiry by which they will have to be sifted. What they have put before us must have been intended to be considered and discussed. They have pleaded at the bar of public opinion, and we shall therefore take the liberty to canvass their explanations, without the reserve which we should have maintained had they chosen to await in silence the opening of the Court.

The passage in the Report which most excites Lord LUCAN'S wrath is that which alludes, in very guarded terms, to the *fracas* which took place between him and Colonel GRIFFITHS. All that the Commissioners say upon the subject is, that a proposal to erect cover for the horses appears to have been made to his lordship, but that the manner in which it is stated to have been received was calculated to deter other officers from making any similar proposal. This is certainly not an exaggerated or malicious way of describing the purport of the Colonel's evidence, for he represented that his Commander had threatened him with arrest for suggesting that shelter might be constructed if any encouragement

were held out to the men that the cavalry would remain in the position which they then occupied. But the Earl's own version of the story fully bears out the passage in the Report. He admits everything, except the alleged motive for threatening the Colonel with arrest. As he represents the matter, it was not the suggestion, but the disrespectful manner in which it was made, that called forth his displeasure; and even his worst enemies will probably allow him to take the benefit of this nice distinction. The narrative of the interview is thus summed up by his lordship:—"Colonel GRIFFITHS referred, in a plaintive tone, to the state of his horses, and in one of reproach. I, knowing from the past that I felt, to say the least, as much anxiety for the horses of the Greys as Colonel GRIFFITHS, replied accordingly." Then followed the "disrespectful manner," and the threat of arrest. It would require an intimate acquaintance with the two officers to be able to appreciate the COLONEL'S "plaintive tone," or to guess what language Lord LUCAN uses when he "replies accordingly." But we may at least assume that the noble EARL took offence at the implied reproach, and that his "reply accordingly" was anything but an encouragement to "plaintive applications" on behalf of the wretched horses. Even if the Commissioners had founded their report exclusively on the statement of the Lieutenant-General himself, we do not see that they would have had occasion to change a word in their account of this discreditable squabble, and of the still more discreditable neglect out of which it arose.

Some other matters in the Report are made the subject of complaint by Lord LUCAN. The Commissioners say that they found, to their surprise, that the loss of horses from sickness appeared, from the returns furnished, to have been greater in the cavalry than in the transport service; and his lordship makes it a personal grievance that they did not suppress the returns, which he asserts to be notoriously inconsistent with fact. With figures on one side, and notoriety on the other, it is certainly not easy to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. But the severest charge against Lord LUCAN is the statement that the date at which the hutting of the cavalry commenced was in no case earlier than the end of January, or the beginning of February—to which he replies, that the cavalry commenced the construction of huts early in December. The inference from these counter assertions is obvious—the men began to work at the erection of stables in December, but not a single horse was under cover until the end of the following month. The delay was either indefensible or unavoidable. The Commissioners represent that not more than a fifth of the men were required at the time for other purposes, and they express their surprise that more rapid progress was not made; but the General, on the contrary, offers to prove, by nominal returns, that every disposable man was employed in constructing stables, but that whole regiments were often occupied in other duties. If Lord LUCAN succeeds in establishing this allegation, he will clear himself from one of the heaviest accusations under which he labours; but until he shall have produced the returns to which he refers, we cannot help sharing the surprise of the Commissioners at the long and fatal delay which was allowed to occur before any of the horses were sheltered from the weather. Further investigation is necessary to ascertain which of the conflicting statements is the more accurate, and to such investigation Lord LUCAN is certainly entitled.

Lord CARDIGAN even surpasses his superior officer in the vigour of his denial of the allegations contained in the Report. One of the principal charges which he has undertaken to rebut is supported by the concurrent testimony of three of the officers under his command. Colonel MAYOW, Colonel DOUGLAS, and Colonel SHEWELL all agree in stating that, during the latter part of November, the horses of the Light Brigade had no hay, and only an insufficient supply of corn. After a little quibbling as to the extent of the deficiency, Lord CARDIGAN admits, in substance, the accuracy of this representation; and, indeed, he gives it the strongest indirect confirmation by stating that, on the 24th of November, the horses had become so reduced that they were incapable of bringing up their own forage from Balaklava to the camp, a distance of seven miles. But the Colonels add that a proposal to send troop horses to Balaklava for forage was made to Lord CARDIGAN, and was rejected by him. To this his lordship gives two answers—first, that no such proposal was ever made to him by any officer of the brigade; and secondly, that when, on the 24th of November, it was made by the Commiss-

sariat officer to Colonel MAYOW, for Lord CARDIGAN's consideration, the animals were no longer capable of performing the journey, and the suggestion was therefore rejected. Without indulging in any speculations as to the comparative value of the testimony of one Earl and that of three Colonels, we have Lord CARDIGAN's own acknowledgment that he did in fact refuse to allow the troop horses to be sent for forage, at a time when they had short rations of corn and no hay whatever. If it be true that the half-starved animals were no longer capable of the exertion in question, and that his lordship was cognizant of the fact, the case against him is even worse than it appeared on the original evidence. From the 14th of November to the 24th, he allowed his horses to sink into a condition which annihilated the cavalry as a force—and that without making any serious effort to save them from destruction. During this season of difficulty and peril the General was living at ease in his yacht, and on some days he did not even take the trouble to visit the camp. This is his own account of the facts; and, of the two, it seems rather more damaging than the narrative of Sir JOHN MCNEILL and Colonel TULLOCH.

If Lords LUCAN and CARDIGAN hope to obtain an acquittal from the Board, they must make out a better case than that which they have published as their defence. It is possible that they may yet do so, and that the estimate which the public has formed of their military capacity may be due to the clumsiness of their own advocacy rather than to their misconduct in the Crimea. Should they be absolved after an impartial inquiry, the public will not be slow to do them justice; but if they fail in clearing themselves from the imputations which now rest upon them, they must not be suffered to escape the Court Martial which will be the legitimate consequence of an adverse decision.

THE TREATMENT OF FRAUD.

IN replying to the objections started to the proposed amendment of the Law of Partnership, Mr. LOWE touched upon a subject which deserves, especially at this moment, more than an incidental mention. The principal, if not the only, difficulty felt with respect to the Government scheme is the facility which it is regarded as affording to commercial frauds. The number of flagrant cases of mercantile dishonesty which have come to light during the past year seems to show that, even without any new stimulus, the tendency to this class of offences is on the increase; and the fact is naturally caught at by the opponents of freedom of association, as an argument against the creation of new privileges in which adventurers may find fresh opportunities for dishonest gain. Mr. LOWE met all such objections with a broad, and, to our minds, a satisfactory answer. It is idle to attempt to check fraud by depriving it of opportunities. The ingenuity of knaves will always triumph over legal precautions, and the fences set up to exclude the dishonest will have no effect but to hamper the upright trader. Fraud, like other offences, ought to be dealt with by visiting it with penal consequences, not by fruitless efforts to render its perpetration impossible. The law strives to prevent murder by affixing to the crime the punishment of death, not by prohibiting carving knives, or other useful instruments which may be perverted to purposes of violence. Yet such a prohibition would be quite as reasonable as to fetter the liberty of association lest it should be made to subserve the ends of fraud. All freedom implies the possibility of licence, and absolute Governments know how to use this pretext as a justification of restriction and tyranny. The English way of looking at these matters is, however, very different. We do not shackle freedom to restrain its excesses, but are usually satisfied to deter offenders, as we best may, by the wholesome dread of punishment.

Fraud is almost the only offence which the law seeks to check by placing restrictions on the liberty of all, instead of punishing the guilty alone. And all such restrictions have invariably failed. Bubble Acts, statutes against wager policies, prohibitions of regrating and forestalling, Stock-jobbing Acts, and the like, have always been evaded and laughed at from the moment of their receiving the Royal assent. The Statute of Frauds itself has produced at least as much knavery as it has prevented. The great modern attempt in the same direction—the Joint-Stock Companies' Act—has failed, like the rest. Any new scheme of the same description must, in the nature of things, end in disappointment, and we cannot too highly commend the Government for not

having encumbered their Partnership Bills with imaginary safeguards against dishonesty. The accumulation of mischievous statutes, passed with the laudable purpose of repressing fraud, is probably due to a remarkable defect in the criminal code. By common law, no mere fraud is criminal at all; and even now, it is only in exceptional cases that delinquencies of this nature are made amenable to punishment. It is, therefore, not surprising that the Legislature should, from time to time, have resorted to special expedients for preventing an offence which the law refused to treat as a crime. But the system of artificial restraints has now few advocates left. Experience has, indeed, condemned it, and it is time to try the same rough method of repressing fraud which, with more or less success, we employ to deter burglars and pickpockets. Let fraud be invariably visited, on detection, with punishment and disgrace, and we may rely upon it that, though it will not disappear entirely, it will be confined to a comparatively narrow class. Questionable transactions which are now too often winked at would be looked on with other eyes if a career of successful sharp practice led to the Old Bailey. Roguery, in all its shapes, would become "low," and, except in rare instances, men moving in what is called respectable life would no more think of committing frauds which are now of every-day occurrence, than of picking a pocket or coining a shilling. The truth is, that the penalties of the law, though feeble against the dangerous classes, are almost omnipotent in their influence on the civilized portions of society; and there can be no doubt that any punishment, however lenient, imposed on commercial dishonesty, would have a more effectual power of repression than all the terrors with which the coarser forms of crime are threatened.

The piecemeal legislation by which this subject has been hitherto dealt with, though it leaves all but a few particular modes of fraud to be practised with impunity, fully recognises the principle that such offences may be rightfully brought within the range of the criminal code. A very large proportion of the cases which now escape punishment would be reached by a simple repeal of one leading maxim of the Common law. From time immemorial it has been held, and it is still the general rule, that acts which would otherwise amount to felony, become mere civil injuries when the property appropriated has previously been entrusted to the hands of the thief. The trust is considered to purge the guilt. This doctrine dates from a time antecedent to the commercial greatness of England, and is both inconsistent with natural justice and peculiarly inappropriate to the circumstances of this country. The moral sense of the community has constantly been shocked by the escape of criminals on the strength of this singular principle. Many years ago, when the maxim prevailed in unimpaired force, a cashier of the Bank of England was tried for stealing certain India bonds, which had been placed in his hands by the officer of the Court of Chancery. It was decided that he had committed nothing but a breach of trust, and an acquittal was accordingly directed. In consequence of this and similar cases, Parliament interfered; but instead of abrogating the general doctrine which had saved a notorious criminal, it was content to strike at those offences only which were precisely similar to the act of the cashier. Embezzlement by clerks and servants was made penal, but in other respects the law remained as before.

The same course has been repeatedly taken since that time. Whenever attention was drawn to some flagrant fraud which the law was unable to reach, a statute was passed to meet the particular case; and in this way a number of special frauds have been excepted from the protection of the law, while the immunity of this class of offences in general has been preserved to the present day. Obtaining money by false pretences was one of the earliest of these exceptions, but the scope of the prohibition has been narrowed, by judicial decisions, to a small proportion only of the offences in question. Certain frauds by bankrupts have also been made liable to heavy punishments; and appropriations of property by bankers and factors, under circumstances which would amount only to breaches of trust in persons acting in any other capacity, have also been subjected to criminal jurisdiction. It was under this last enactment that Messrs. STRAHAN, PAUL, and BATES were tried, and the sentence passed on them was generally accepted as a salutary and righteous exercise of severity. It was, however, made matter of reasonable complaint that frauds as gross as theirs might be practised by others with-

out any risk. They were punished, not because they were rogues, but because they were both rogues and bankers. The law under which they suffered is exceptional; and in criminal matters, an exceptional law must be regarded either as unjust in itself, or as condemning the general rule from which it departs. If bankers who appropriate property entrusted to their keeping deserve the punishment of thieves, all persons who are guilty of the same conduct should receive the same penalty. If, for example, a jeweller absconds with diamonds sent to him to be repaired, or if a farmer sells horses which he has undertaken to keep at grass, the moral guilt is the same as that of the banker who disposes of his customers' bonds. But the banker is guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to transportation—the jeweller and the farmer are amenable only to a civil action. Multitudes of similar cases might be mentioned. It is no rare occurrence for a trustee to plunder the family whose property is invested in his name, and we hear of such things as Directors taking to themselves shares which belong to their constituents. Such acts are exactly analogous to the conduct of Sir JOHN PAUL and his partners; but the latter happened to come within the stern provisions of an exceptional Act of Parliament, while the former escape by the mistaken lenity of the general law. One of two things ought surely to be done. If the special enactments are wrong in punishing fraud, they ought to be repealed; but if they are just—and we have no hesitation in declaring them to be so—the same measure of severity should be dealt out to all who are guilty of the same offence.

Criminal law ought to keep pace with the morality of the community. That morality is surely sufficiently high to condemn the old rule which allows a breach of trust to be pleaded as a palliation for a crime. A statute that should sweep away this unrighteous defence would be a just homage to the feelings of society, and a tolerably effectual protection against a variety of frauds which are now practised with impunity. A few other provisions, based on the principle of the criminality of fraud, would suffice to complete our criminal code, and to bring within its grasp a multitude of offenders who not only plunder the community, but afford to Parliament a pretext for imposing vexatious restraints on the honest, lest peradventure they should become knaves. At the last meeting of the Law Amendment Society, both Lord BROUGHAM and Sir ERSKINE PERRY urged the importance of restraining fraudulent breaches of trust by the terrors of the law. We may hope, therefore, soon to see a Bill introduced to secure the punishment of fraud. Now that Parliamentary lawyers are vying with each other in the promotion of law-reform, it is scarcely possible that this subject can be any longer neglected.

EXTREMES MEET.

WE do not consider these columns suitable for theological discussion; but theological interpretation or doctrine is one thing, and the history of doctrine is another. We may discuss the history of doctrine just as we do the history of treaties. So far as it is history, it is a mere statement of facts. The recent debates and disputes on the observance of Sunday bring out a curious historical fact, which, as far as we know, has not yet been noticed. It is simply this—that the high Sabbatarian doctrine, which impliedly is at the bottom of the religious agitation against opening places of recreation on Sunday, and which is notoriously and fully adopted by all “the dissenting interests,” and by what is called the Evangelical section of the Church of England, is of Roman, and of very late Roman, origin.

At the period of the Reformation, the doctrine of the later Schoolmen, and of the prevailing theology founded upon these writers, was that the observance of all holy days or festivals, including Sunday, was binding *sub mortali peccato*, and was founded upon the Divine Law. These later canonists claimed for the Church the right of prescribing certain days *jure divino*. They required Christians to abstain on all holy days from work, on the same principle, and in virtue of the same law, which regulated the Jewish Sabbath. They transferred Judaical observances to Christian festivals, according to the Jewish distinction of days, on the ground of their intrinsic, ceremonial, and ritual holiness, as such. The day itself was divinely holy, and its observance as an end was a legal work.

The first Reformers, and all the religious communities founded by them, protested against this as a heavy and Pharisaical burden. They rebelled against the yoke as inconsistent with Gospel freedom. They asserted that there was no distinction of days in the Christian law—that what the Jewish Sabbath prefigured had been fulfilled in the Gospel—that the whole Christian dispensation and the Christian life was the Sabbatical

rest, of which the seventh day was the anticipation and type. They contended that the works which man was to abstain from were his own natural and unregenerate works—that labour itself is sanctified in the new law, and that abstinence from labour on certain days and at hours appointed for Divine Service, is only a means to an end, and not the end itself, as in Judaical observances. They held that a Christian man may keep the Sabbath, and so fulfil the moral law, every day and all day long, in his ordinary pursuits—the true Sabbath rest, being, to the Christian, a ceasing from sin, and serving God all the days of his life. They maintained that the Fourth Commandment, as a ceremonial and formal observance, was abrogated, but that in its moral part, it prescribes certain set times for Divine Service, though not the particular time; and finally that the Church was not tied to appointing one day in seven, but might have appointed another distribution of days. The principle of Sabbatarianism, and its Judaical observance, whether applied to the Lord's Day or to other festivals, the first Reformers considered one of the main errors of the times; and against this they protested. In a word, they denied that the observance of Sunday was of divine command, or rested on the decalogue.

Modern Sabbatarianism is of more recent origin. It was never heard of till the end of the sixteenth century. It began by denying the right of the Church to appoint any festivals, and founded the observance of the Lord's Day, or Sabbath, on the letter of the Fourth Commandment. The Canonists had transferred the Judaical principle to the Christian festivals—the Puritans admitted no festival, but maintained the Judaical principle, and its observance on a seventh day. Practically, there is no difference between the two views. Extremes meet—Rome and the Westminster divines (not Geneva), are at one. Each adopts the perpetuity and obligation of the Jewish law. The Roman Canonists made it mortal sin to labour on any festival—that is, on a fixed day—by reason of the principle and letter of the Fourth Commandment. The Puritans likewise held it to be a mortal sin to labour on the Sabbath, by reason of the principle and letter of the Fourth Commandment. The Reformers—and this is the doctrine of the Catechism of the Church of England—interpret the moral precept of the Fourth Commandment to be fulfilled in the whole Christian life, and not in the literal observance of any day. The literal part of the Fourth Commandment, they teach, was formally and in terms abrogated by Christ and His Apostles.

The doctrine prevailing at the Reformation dates from Thomas Aquinas, who, though less distinctly than his successors, began to teach the inherent holiness of Sunday as the representative of the old Sabbath (1^{ma} Secund.) “Sabbatum mutatur in diem dominicum. . . . Similiter alii solennitatis veteris legis novae solennitatis succedunt.” But the strongest assertor of the Sabatian doctrine, and in the most distinctly Jewish spirit, was the Spanish canonist Tostatus, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and was the master of Cardinal Ximenes—and who, after “the four doctors of the Western Church,” contests with Isidore and Aquinas the fifth rank among recognised Roman theologians. In his *Commentary on Exodus*, this high authority, in a spirit and in words which might be those of Smectymnus himself, or even the General Assembly, decides that to travel on holy-days (in which Sunday is included)—to read even theological books—to play for one's amusement on musical instruments—to write letters on ordinary business—are unlawful. His enumeration of small ceremonial distinctions and prohibitions is quite in the tone and spirit of the Jewish Rabbis. It is true that, chiefly from the influence of the Reformers, this strict Sabbatarian teaching was abandoned by Roman authorities, and the Sundays and holy-days in Roman Catholic countries came to be observed much as, before the Puritan times, they were observed in England. Yet, so lately as the seventeenth century, the most popular of Roman commentators, Cornelius a Lapide, in his *Commentary on the Fourth Commandment*, says—and all this without any reference to the Apostolical institution of the Lord's day—that the Sabbath was changed from the Saturday to the Sunday. He further argues that the principle of its observance survives on all festival days—that not only work but sports are prohibited on the Christian Sabbath (*i. e.*, on the Lord's Day and all festivals)—that the Christian Sabbath-breaker is punished, as the Jewish was, by bodily ailments and temporal judgments, by fire, and inundation, and robbery of his goods. Much in the tone of a Presbyterian tract of our own times, he informs us that Gregory of Tours relates the history of one who, because he laboured on a festival day, *punitus est facie et colli contortionis*; and he applies, in the exact language of Exeter Hall, to the observance of Christian festivals, the familiar Sabbatarian text, Isaiah lviii. 13.

On the other hand, so far was Calvin from admitting the Scriptural obligation of the Fourth Commandment, that he thought that churches might, if they pleased, choose Thursday *feriam quintam* for their meetings, or any day which was not a seventh:—“Neque sic septenarium numerum moror ut ejus servituti Ecclesiam adstringam; neque enim Ecclesias damnavero, qua' alios convibus suis solennes dies habeant.” And further, in a summary sentence of that sarcasm which he knows how to wield, he denounces the *crassa carnalique Sabbathi superstitionis*. His general denunciation of the Judaical Sabbath is to be found in the Institutes, lib. ii. c. 8, § 32—34. Tyndal, one of the earliest English reformers, and who ranks among the Protestant martyrs,

says, with a boldness at which Exeter Hall must standaghast, "We may change the day to Monday, or any other day; we may make every tenth day holy only, if we see a cause why . . . Neither need we any holy days at all." The Magdeburg Centuriators go to the extent of saying that Sunday was not observed at all by the Christian Church till the time of Constantine. And so far was Calvin from construing literally the Fourth Commandment, that it was his practice to be present with the Genevese burghers at the public bowling and shooting on the Lord's day.

In accordance with this doctrine of the early Reformers, Bramhall says, on the part of the Church of England—"Lawful recreations were ever esteemed an inferior part of the Sabbath's rest, and are no way incompatible with it;" and he adds, that for a man "to recreate himself moderately is a fit exercise for the holy day, amongst his natural, moral, and even secular employments." And elsewhere we read, "If Mr. Baxter think that no recreations [in which he includes dancing] of the body at all are lawful, or may be permitted upon the Lord's day, he may call himself a Catholic if he please, but he will find very few Christians of any communion whatsoever, old or new, reformed or unreformed, to bear him company. No, no. Even among the churches of his own communion he will find none at all to join with him, except the churches of New England, and Old England, and Scotland, whereunto this opinion hath been creeping by degrees this last half century of years or somewhat more. Before that time, even our greatest disciplinarians in England abhorred not private recreations. . . . As for the public dances of our youth on country greens, upon Sundays, after the duties of the day were done, I see nothing in them but innocent, and agreeable to that under sort of people."

Thorndike says, "I will mark out two monstrous impostures of the time. . . . The second is that the first day of the week is the Sabbath by force of the Fourth Commandment. A mistake so gross . . . which, when this fire of frenzy shall be past us, will scarce be believed that any man would believe. . . . Strange it is, that a nation capable of sense, in an age improved by learning, should be entangled with the superstition of so vain an imagination that God, by the same Fourth Commandment, should oblige both Jews to keep the Saturday and Christians the Sunday." "The precept of the Sabbath is a ceremonial precept, figuring the rest of the Christians from the bondage of sin by doing for the future good works here in the Church militant, and from the bondage of pain when that rest is become perfect in the triumphant Church of the world to come. . . . The only thing commanded by the Fourth Commandment in the mystical sense of it in the New Testament, is to rest from our own works of sin here, that we may attain to the rest of God in the world to come."

This recent and novel doctrine of the observance of Sunday by virtue of the Fourth Commandment, which the English divines condemn, was, as everybody knows, embodied in the Westminster Confession of 1650; but it was first taught by Nicholas Bound in 1595, and was very soon carried to its only logical consequences by the observance of the Saturday Sabbath by Thraske and Brabourne. That, in this doctrine of the perpetual obligation of the letter of the Fourth Commandment, Bound and the Puritans who followed him only revived the principle of the later Roman canonists, we have already observed; and to support the statement that it was a novelty, and was not the doctrine as to the observance of Sunday inculcated by the first Reformers, the consentient voice of the Reformed Confessions might be adduced.

Thus, the *Swiss Confession* grounds the observance of the Lord's Day on apostolic practice: sect. xxiv.

The *Augsburg Confession* bases the observance of the Lord's Day on ecclesiastical tradition, and after vindicating it on this ground, proceeds: "Et magis amat populus has ipsas ceremonias postquam conscientiae liberatae sunt pericula, et illis in justis oneribus, de quibus olim monachi et canonistae vociferabantur; et e regione utilitas monstrata est, quod hi ritus servient ministerio evangelii."

The *Geneva Catechism* thus interprets the Fourth Commandment:—"M. Dicisne praeceptum quartum ad Iudeos proprie spectare, ideoque temporarium duntaxat fuisse? P. Nempe: quatenus ceremoniale est." And then it goes on to teach that its mystical sense is, "dum propriis operibus feriamur . . . si carnem nostram crucifigimus . . . imo continenter . . . septimus numerus indicat perfectionem, spiritualem hanc quietem inchoare duntaxat in hac vita, nec ante perfectam fore, donec e mundo migremus."

The *Heidelberg Catechism*, which is also repeated, or nearly so, in *Nowell's Catechism*, on the Fourth Commandment says:—"Deus praecepit . . . ut in omni vita a pravis actionibus vacem, Domino concedens, ut per Spiritum Sanctum in me suum opus faciat, atque ita sempernun illud sabbatum in hac vita exordiar."

The *Second Helvetic Confession*, which was adopted by the Scotch Reformers, who sent their subscription to it through Beza, is sufficiently explicit against the present Sabbatarian notions prevalent beyond the Tweed:—"Deligit quavis ecclesia sibi tempus certum ad preces publicas, &c. Unde videmus in ecclesiis vetustis, non tantum certas fuisse horas in septimanis constitutas certibus, sed ipsam diem dominicam ab ipsis apostolorum temporibus, iisdem sacroque otio fuisse consecratam: quod etiam nunc propter cultum et charitatem, ab ecclesiis nostris

custoditur. Observationi Iudaicæ nihil hic permittimus Dominicam non Sabbathum libera observatione celebramus."

We have, we think, in sketching the literary history of the doctrine, shown that the recent Puritan teaching as to the observance of the Sunday is a very palpable change from the doctrine of the Lord's Day maintained by the first Reformers. That it is not supported by the Church of England, the Catechism of that communion sufficiently proves. That it is not the Lutheran doctrine, the present Sunday observance of all the Lutheran bodies in Sweden and Germany is a sufficient testimony. That the Sabbatarian views were never held by our first Protestant Sovereigns, Queen Elizabeth's Sunday bear-baitings, and her Sunday attendance at academical plays, demonstrate; and that the use of recreation and amusement on Sunday is not inconsistent with the true notion of Christian rest, not only the quotations we have made from Bramhall and Thorndike, but the whole stream of Anglican divinity, are a sufficient evidence. Especially noticeable is the thirteenth canon of the Church of England which only treats the Sunday in connexion with other holidays as a distinct disclaimer of its obligation *jure divino*, or by virtue of the precept of the decalogue.

It is true that we find all Protestant bodies recognising the observance of Sunday as of Apostolical institution, and regarding the day as one of special religious exercises. Yet they did not consider moderate recreation and amusements inconsistent with that observance, but rather as fulfilling that Christian rest and refection of which the Sabbath was the type. Further, they might and did hold that, although the Sabbath has passed away, and is only a Jewish shadow of better things to come, nevertheless, as England and Christendom generally have maintained, it may be a social duty, for political and moral, as well as for religious reasons, to prohibit Sunday trading, and that reasons of expediency may, as we think they do, amply justify such prohibition. But they contended that Sunday recreation is not inconsistent with, but conducive to, even more stringent laws about Sunday traffic; and therefore it follows that the fear of Sunday amusement opening a door to Sunday trading is entirely nugatory. If we look for the origin of the Sabbatarian view as adopted by recent religious agitators, we must turn to "the Canonists" so pointedly condemned in the Augsburg Confession, or to the Puritans who first broached this doctrine about the year 1600, and consistently followed it up by observing the Jewish Sabbath, and who ought, as they were reminded, to have revived circumcision also. Or we must turn to their successors in Scotland, who have so much departed from their formal profession made through Beza, in 1566—or to that Sabbatarian observance which Mr. Roundell Palmer (apparently unaware of the paternity of this doctrine) was surprised to find so rife at Rome a few years ago—or to that ultramontane revival of Sabbatarianism which has lately commenced at Paris. All this, the historical genealogy of their doctrines and the allies with whom they are so unconsciously united—those extreme Papists, Suarez and Tostatus especially—we commend to Lord Shaftesbury, Dr. Cumming, and the Orators of Exeter Hall. The real and extreme Romanizers of the day are after all, it seems, not the Anglicans, but the straitest sect of the Puritans.

THE VACANT CHAIR AT CAMBRIDGE.

IT would be difficult to underrate the very inconsiderable influence which the English Universities have been contented to exercise over the Fine Arts. Beyond lending their names to two Societies—originated, we believe, chiefly by undergraduates—for the promotion of Ecclesiastical architecture, Oxford and Cambridge have never, by any overt act that we can call to mind, recognised even the existence of painting, sculpture, or music. Indeed, except as illustrative of a rule in syntax, those ingenuous arts, the faithful study of which (so the Latin grammar tells us) improves our moral faculties, might as well have no existence, for all the influence which they are allowed to exert on our public school and university training. Here and there, a drawing or a singing class finds its way, as an "extra," into one of these venerable institutions, and, by the exercise of an amount of tact which would set up a Speaker of the House of Commons, is made to hold its own for awhile, against the temptations of work to the studious, and of play to the idle. We know of nothing in our academic system which necessarily prevents a successful University-man from believing that Titian built St. Paul's, that Sir Christopher Wren set to music the Oratorio of the *Messiah*, or that Handel painted the *Last Judgment* in the Sistine Chapel. It is only those who, as Mr. Ruskin puts it, have "had the blessing of a totally neglected education," who, save by accident, are enabled to form any conception of the purposes for which Providence sent into the world a Leonardo or a Mozart.

Yet both Oxford and Cambridge contain within themselves tacit protests against their chronic indifference to one at least of the Fine Arts, in the existence of Music Chairs. That at Oxford, however, has, till within a very recent period, existed only as a sinecure; while the corresponding one at the Sister University has become not only a sinecure but a sinepay—the duties of which have hitherto consisted in the Professor's wearing,

on state occasions, the most polychromatic gown in the University, and looking over the few-and-far-between exercises sent in for musical degrees—his reward being a fraction of the equally isolated and meagre fees extracted from the candidates for that honour. The utter contempt into which the musical degree has fallen is as discreditable to the Universities as it is injurious to the best interests of art. Save in the comparatively rare instances of musicians of first-rate eminence who have been settled in Cathedral towns, or connected officially with ecclesiastical institutions where an academical prefix or affix to a name might be supposed to have weight, none of our most eminent living musicians have graduated at the Universities. The musical degree has not, for ages past, affected in the slightest degree the station or estimation of the musical professor among his brethren. Nor is this all. Indifference is not the only feeling entertained towards the *Mus. Bac. Oxon.* or to the *Mus. Doc. Cantab.* His title (that of Doctor especially) is in many instances the plague of his life—a standing joke among those with whom he is brought into most frequent contact.

As facts are everything in a question like this, let us take a few examples from the different classes of our living English Musicians, and see how far the University degree has been coveted by them. Among those who have distinguished themselves in the higher branches of composition—in the oratorio, the symphony, the piano-forte sonata, and instrumental chamber music generally—Mr. Cipriani Potter, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music; Mr. Lucas, Conductor of the same institution; Mr. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Greisbach, Mr. Charles Horsley, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Macfarren, and Mr. Waley, have no university degrees. The same remark applies to our opera composers. Mr. John Barnett, Mr. Balfe, and Mr. Wallace. Of our instrumental performers—several of them eminent also as composers—Mr. Thomas Adams (the greatest master of extempore *fugue* that has appeared in this century), and Mr. Best and Mr. Henry Smart (two of our best organists), have no university degrees. Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Osborne, and Salaman, among our pianists, are in the like predicament; so are Messrs. Blagrove, Hill, Howell, and Nicholson, among our orchestral performers. A degree has never been conferred on, or sought by, any one of our great singers of sacred music, *e. g.* Messrs. Bartleman or Braham in the last generation, or Mr. Sims Reeves in this; nor are the names of the most remarkable of our lecturers and public teachers—Mr. Edward Taylor (Gresham Professor), or Mr. Hullah—preceded or followed by academic titles. It would be easy to lengthen this list indefinitely, could the multiplication of instances strengthen our case, or did it require strengthening. An analysis of the whole musical profession would show that, in the absence of any special and exceptional motive, the majority of its most eminent members have shown the utmost indifference to such honours as Oxford and Cambridge would, on compliance with a few necessary formalities, have been ready to bestow upon them.

The Musical Chair at Cambridge is at this moment vacant; and the University has it in its power, by choosing an occupant who can and will put life into the effete Professorship, and make it a reality, to render an important service to Art, and to extend and confirm its own relations with the outer world. We are not called upon here to prove that the Fine Arts have a function to fulfil in the formation of character, and cannot safely be excluded from any scheme of education worthy of the name of "liberal," or entitled to be regarded as complete in reference to a *University*. Taking this for granted, let us consider for a moment in what particular way the new *real* professor, supposing him appointed, could make himself useful.

Music admits of direct and of indirect teaching. By direct teaching we mean, of course, clear exposition of the principles of the science, and patient direction in the practice of the art, to those who, whether as members of a class or as individuals, are ready to accompany and share the fatigues of their teacher by corresponding labour on their own part. By indirect teaching—often a motive for seeking direct—we mean the presentation of music by concerts, so arranged as to afford illustration either of the progress of the musical art, or of the characteristics of some particular school, or even of the differences of one school from another. Such concerts, though demanding no previous knowledge or accompanying study on the part of the hearers, would be a school of practical music, and as such realize the old idea of a concert, best expressed in its old Italian name, *Accademia*. To carry out performances of this class, resort might legitimately be had to such *amateur* aid as the University could furnish; but not the least of their incidental uses would be the occupation they would afford to eminent artists, and the occasional intercourse which they would necessitate between the University and one of those portions of the outer world which are least subject to its influences. Finally, between these two instruments of instruction—the lesson and the concert—lies another, the public lecture, in which, illustrated by drawings and necessary apparatus, might be expounded the general history of music, its connexion with literature and the other arts, the various changes which the musical system has undergone, the characteristics of different schools, and the influence of circumstances on the lives and works of eminent composers.

It need hardly be said that a mere musician would be as incompetent to the duties we have sketched out as to those of Greek professor or Divinity lecturer. We presume that there are, or

will be, candidates for the professorship; but we have no desire to discuss their personal claims, even were we in a condition to do so. One thing, however, it may not be useless to suggest to the electors—that the persons most likely to be qualified for the vacant office (not so numerous as to be difficult to discover) are by no means certain to be found among those who will "stand" for it.

COMIC JOURNALISM.

FROISSART'S remark, that the manner of the English nation is "to take their pleasure sadly," has grown into a commonplace. Certainly, nothing illustrates it more pointedly than the character of the Comic Press of London. Many writers, from Locke to Sydney Smith, have attempted to frame a definition of wit. We are not ambitious of adding to the list of the failures of others, but we may so far profit by their labours as to point out some of its elements. Wit is undoubtedly closely connected with the perception of grotesqueness, incongruity, obscure analogies, and of the grounds of surprise. It follows that it is something exceptional and incidental, and that it is no more fitted to be anything else than an accessory to the subject to which it is applied than ornaments are fit for building materials. The writings of the greatest of wits have invariably been distinguished by the possession of great intellectual qualities, and their wit, in the common sense of the word, has been no more than their play and efflorescence. Take from Swift his logic, or from Sydney Smith his masculine good sense, and their jokes become mere sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. The effect of a joke, like that of a jewel, depends almost entirely on its setting. Wit, if its distribution is judicious, and if it is skilfully contrasted with the matter in hand, is the most beautiful of all decorations of style; but if the jokes suggest the thought, instead of the thought suggesting the jokes, both are necessarily impoverished. Our objection to comic newspapers is, that from the necessity of the case they altogether ignore this fact. As they have imposed on themselves the obligation of being funny throughout a certain number of columns every week, a vast proportion of what they write must be wretchedly bad, and the effect of what is good is much diminished by the association. The functions of a newspaper are as well defined as those of a preacher. It is the duty of the one to report and to comment on what passes, and of the other to expound and to enforce men's duties. It is no more possible for the one to be uniformly comic than for the other to be uniformly solemn; and it is as offensive to be told, with an infinite quantity of grins, winks, and other comic business, that a proposal is before Parliament for the consolidation of the Statute Law, as it would be to hear a man proclaim, in a voice trembling with emotion, that Galilee was the northern part of Palestine, and that the Jordan flowed through it from north to south. An ingenious person might, perhaps, make jokes on the multiplication table, on a washing-bill, or on a cart-load of bricks and mortar; but if he never mentioned such subjects without a pun or a *mot*, he would be the most intolerable of bores.

Of many newspapers which have imposed upon themselves this questionable task, two only are conducted with sufficient talent to be worth notice—the *Press* and *Punch*. The first condemns itself to from two to two and a-half, and the second to two dozen columns of fun every week. For this, if for no other reason, the *Press* appears to us decidedly the better of the two; but it must also be said that it flies at higher game than its contemporary. Political satire, like the other engines of party warfare, has fallen to such a low ebb that we look upon attempts to resuscitate it with a sort of historical interest. The *Press* has about it what the French call a *faux air* of the Anti-Jacobin, and it has, no doubt, succeeded in saying more clever things, and in adopting a less vulgar mannerism, than might have been expected from such an undertaking. To compare a Coalition Ministry to a "bundle of sticks" is a very felicitous application of the old fable. To say (most unjustly) of Lord Aberdeen, that "all that remains of him now is pure womanly," is a far neater embodiment of a popular fallacy than the fallacy deserved. To compare the different members of the Ministry to "Cabinet Coins" was a thought which had about it a certain novelty, and though the details of the comparison were rather hackneyed, they were very ingeniously worked out; but when we compare the occasional gems with the staple tinsel, we cannot but consider the self-imposed necessity of the weekly tale of jokes very lamentable. Without any claim to our contemporary's confidence, we can tell pretty well what the two columns in question will contain in any of his forthcoming numbers. First will come some such sentimental or satirical poetry as the following:—

Huzzah! to God be thanks!
The Cossack columns form;
Mouravieff's chosen ranks
Advance the town to storm.
Each hot contested post
Saw Williams at his work,
Against the Russian host
He led the conquering Turk;
Their triumph nobly won,
They shout the victor's name,
Throughout that day of bloody fray
He fought for England's fame.

And so on, in undeniable iambics, tolerable rhyme, and senti-

ments which you cannot exactly call bad, through about three-fourths of the first column. Near the bottom we shall find a "Cabinet Council," or a "Premier at Home," or a "Scene at the Admiralty"—of which the principal features will be that Lord Palmerston drops his colleagues' titles, and takes certain conventional liberties with them, making great use of the phrase "my dear fellow." Thus, Sir Charles Wood, in a discussion about the Conferences at Paris, says, "I could easily go;" and Lord Palmerston answers, "Not a bit more easily than we could spare you, my dear fellow." Another great source of amusement is calling the Premier "Pam." There is probably some peculiar charm in this, as it is so frequently repeated; but all the pleasures of life are transitory, and when you have used a nickname a certain number of times, it is no more than an *alias*. The puns which are put into "Pam's" mouth are open to the objection that they do not appear to prove more than that the satirist supposes that Lord Palmerston is in the habit of making very bad ones. Surely it would be quite as amusing to set up in large type every week the words, **WE ARE OF OPINION THAT LORD PALMERSTON FREQUENTLY MAKES BAD PUNS**, as to go on making them for him and specifying them at full length. We want no ghost to tell us that a man is not wise who is perpetually dwelling on the circumstance that *done* may mean either cheated or performed, or who, when a Scotchman pronounces the *e* in "Armenian" like *i*, reminds him that "good works" may be used either in a military or in a theological sense.

The remainder of our contemporary's funny columns will be filled up with minor witticisms, which fall of themselves into the *Joe Miller* form, as thus—

A wag, on being told that Mr. Denman was a candidate for Cambridge, and that Mr. Helps sat on his committee, observed that no doubt Mr. Denman would be glad of any additional *Helps* and assistance.

A funny fellow, hearing of the fall of Kars, remarked that in Roman triumphs the Cars went up the hill of the Capitol, but that in modern wars our shame lay in the fall of Kars.

A wit, being laughed at for an article which many persons considered silly, composed an epigram to the following effect:—"The proprietors of the *Saturday Review*, wishing to stop its circulation, applied to a bad writer to destroy the value of their property. The person applied to said, they could write it down themselves if they liked." Perhaps, if there is a fault in the last gem, it is that, if the application was not altogether probable, the answer was not altogether unnatural. If we wanted to "kill our new Review," we should simply give up its publication.

Punch has a far wider popularity than the *Press*, and in some respects has better claims to it. The caricatures which it contains are often excellent, and it has at times enjoyed the assistance of writers whose collected contributions are a real addition to literature. As the authors of the papers referred to have subsequently published them with their names, we are guilty of no breach of etiquette in thus alluding to them. Some of Mr. Thackeray's *Miscellanies*, his prize novels for example, are admirable. Mr. Leech's *Comic Album*, and Mr. Doyle's *Manners and Customs of the English*, have photographed for future generations many curiously characteristic traces of the life of their ancestors; and many individual articles—such, for example, as the well-known description of the "Derby Lot"—have obtained a deserved popularity. But inasmuch as twenty-four columns weekly are to be filled with fun, the general tone of the paper is stupid to a degree hardly conceivable. Its great popularity is one of the most curious of all illustrations of the English character. In second-class railway carriages, in the lower forms of a public school, amongst the commercial gentlemen at a country inn—wherever there is little education and a good allowance of animal spirits—*Punch* is greedily read. In the higher class of coffee-houses or clubs in London, after an article or two has been skimmed, and the caricatures have been glanced at for a moment, it is thrown aside. In compassion to our readers, we give sparing illustrations of the enormous mass of rubbish with which the really good articles are encumbered. The following occur in the number of the 23rd of last month:

Some one says, always believe less than you are told. When a woman entrusts you (in confidence, of course) with her age, always believe a great deal more than you are told.

Archdeacon Hale is preparing a little work as a companion to the *Three Experiments of Living*. The Archdeacon's book is to be called *The Experiment of Three (or more) Livings*.

How well we can fancy a stupid fellow shouting into our ears in a railway cutting—"Have you seen *Punch* this week, sir? There is an admirable thing in it about Archdeacon Hale, sir. The pluralist, you know. 'Three or more livings.' That's because he's a pluralist, sir. Don't you see?" Again—

When may a man be said to be literally immersed in business? When he's giving a swimming lesson.

Mr. Cornwall (sic) Lewis has not only to contend with the national deficiency (? deficit), but he has to struggle with his own.

An ephemeral popularity. The popularity of Prince Albert as a Field Marshal, is decidedly of an F. M. era nature.

An attorney said that Sir T. Wilson's bill for enclosing Hempstead Heath was a complete bugbear. Be it so, anyway Mr. Attorney, it is a bug that is not to be borne.

There are other jokes, quite unworthy of publication, of which the point consists in references to the various meanings of *mill*, a machine, or a *fight*—*blowing* a trumpet, *blow out*, a feast,

blown away (with an allusion to *raising the wind*)—commerce, connexion, or trade—*sitting in parliament*, and *sitting* (for a portrait) in *Parliament-street*—*maintaining* a question, and *maintenance* in the sense of livelihood—*orders* in a tavern, and *orders* of merit.

Fun like this is at least harmless, and may possibly be amusing to some people. The longest articles in *Punch* are far the worst. Its politics are always taken from the commonest claptraps of the day. When a folly has become contemptible, *Punch* is always ready to say so—when the *Times* has passed sentence, *Punch* comes in like the secular arm to gibbet the sufferer. On the occasion of the Papal Aggression agitation, Exeter Hall brayed no louder than *Punch*. Whenever the *Times* calls a general a coward, a liar, a fool, and an aristocrat, *Punch* is always ready to repeat the gibe without inquiry. When the *Times* praises the new Order of Merit, *Punch* chimes in with such pretty rhymes as these,—

Some talk of Alexander,
And some of Hercules,
And many a great commander
As glorious as these;
But if you want a hero,
Of genuine pluck and pith,
It's perfectly clear, that none comes near
To full British private Smith.

When the *Times* has laid it down that, in order to get a good Court of Appeal, we must alter the constitution of the House of Lords by a hole-and-corner *coup d'état*, *Punch* gives its assent in the following crushing sarcasm:—

It has been absurdly argued that life peregrines like that of Wensleydale are necessary in order to facilitate a sufficient infusion of legal talent into the Upper House. But if legal talent is hereditary, there will always be legal talent in the House. As long as there are sons of law lords, or even nephews, they of necessity will be law lords too, unless the constitutional doctrine of hereditary descent, as held by a great majority of existing law lords, is absurd.

We are far from saying that our contemporary has no original opinions. He has a constitutional tendency to a kind of brandy-and-water sentimentalism, and a certain sympathy with well-known rhetorical claptraps of what may be called the Love and Mercy school, which breaks out in awful tirades about capital punishments, the horrors of war, the wickedness of the Emperor of Russia, and the rapacity of lawyers. Take, for example, the following patriotic rebukes administered to the Czar. After describing how one of the wounded men visited by the Queen at Chatham had lost his eyes, the writer proceeds:—

Thus does war tear out human eyes; yet monsters who involve mankind in this misery die with their own eyeballs glaring whole in their sockets.

Another man had his jaw broken, and had lost his teeth:—
Brutes that are the wilful cause of such an atrocity expire with their fangs entire in their unbroken jaws.

A third was shot through the mouth. Yet

No retributive bullet smashed the nose and mouth of the tyrant who set balls flying by thousands and tens of thousands. The wretch departed this life grinning with all his teeth.

Now comes the high moral line:—

He departed this life, and what then? Well—[what force in that word! How it would make the gallery at the Victoria hurrab, and cry, like members of Congress, "Go it!"]—That is for the demons to consider who initiate these horrors.

Here follow some terrific snubs, for which we have no room, at unhappy wretches who consider such language "bad taste," and think that it is wrong to speak evil of your enemies. Whereupon our eloquent friend, after observing that in his opinion we have "millions of reasons" for considering Nicholas, and "the fellow who has succeeded him," worse than Greenacre, concludes with the following crushing sentiment:—"Nay," (a capital word to begin a sentence with) "think of the torn-out eyes, the shattered jaws, for which the world is indebted to your 'august personage'." The inverted commas are a withering sarcasm. "Bah!" (Nay is not enough) "Pursue such curses of the earth as wild beasts while living. Hang them up as scarecrows when dead!"

With this mild expression of opinion we will conclude our extracts. But there is one subject connected with the popularity of *Punch* which is worth noticing on higher grounds than any which concern the talent or discretion of its contributors. No paper gives so strange a measure of the character of English enjoyments. A perfectly decorous, solemn, heavy respectability pervades all the fun. Like the amusements at a lady's school, the joking is conducted with the strictest regard to propriety. *Punch* is a permitted pleasure. Like Mr. Albert Smith's "Mont Blanc," it is not forbidden to families where theatres are considered wrong, balls worldly, and even novels questionable. It lies, moreover, on the extreme verge of such indulgences, and has therefore, with many of its readers, a sort of wild flavour, suggesting the great naughty world. It is an inevitable consequence of this, that a great proportion of its articles read like sermons preached by a man who feels himself under a solemn obligation to make three puns and a jingle in every page. We will not tire our readers by further extracts, which, after all, would only exemplify dulness; but we would refer those who are curious on the subject to a perfectly silly article called *Banes and Antidotes*, which seems meant to prove that homeopathy is absurd, because an ounce of gunpowder would

not be a sufficient charge for a 10-inch shell. We may also mention an article (Dec. 22) in favour of a very excellent institution, the Printers' Almshouse Fund, which Mr. Punch cannot conscientiously recommend, though sincerely and goodnaturedly eager to do so, without making a little joke about the stomach being used for shooting rubbish, and about the proud position of the press not preventing it from thankfully receiving the smallest contribution.

It is simply impossible to take the world in both ways. If a man can conscientiously say that, subject to some irregularities in its working, the constitution of society appears to him substantially sound—if he thinks that the different orders of society are in their right places—that the common relations and concerns of life proceed wisely and healthily—that the common opinions about man's occupations here and his destiny hereafter, and the relations between the two are, in the main, true and reasonable—he is a happy man, but he is not in a position to be a great wit. The hypothesis upon which Rabelais, Montaigne, Swift, Sterne, Voltaire, and even in a certain sense Addison and Pascal proceed is—"The world is out of joint, and I am *not* born to set it right." The vocation of such writers is, to point out to mankind the grotesque results into which they are led by following out what, in the view of their censors, are false and contradictory hypotheses. From this point of view, no doubt, a man might pour out endless floods of ridicule, week by week, on all human affairs. He might even go the dreadful length upon which Pascal ventures in that celebrated letter, not to be quoted or read without a shudder, in which he justifies the use of ridicule against sin by the awful words—*Jusque-là, à l'heure de la mort qui est le temps où leur état est le plus déplorable et le plus triste la sagesse divine joindra la moquerie et la risée à la vengeance et à la fureur qui les condamnera à des supplices éternels—In interitu vestro ridebo et subsannabo.*

Those who cannot look at human life from a position which makes it all a farce, melancholy or ludicrous as the case may be, would do well not to make a business of being witty; for they may be sure that, if they keep consistently to their wit it will destroy their convictions, and if they keep to their convictions they will lose their wit. We are not in much fear for our temporary's faith, but his fun appears to us to be, for the most part, past praying for.

LAW REFORM.

IT seems as if we had at last some definite prospect of a systematic reform of the law. It is very desirable that the exact nature of the proposed measure should be as widely known as possible, in order that its importance may not be overrated, and that it may not be considered a bar to those further improvements to which, if it is to be worth anything, it ought to be the introduction. The proposal of the Law Amendment Society, as developed in their Report, which we believe is generally understood to have been prepared by Mr. Pitt Taylor, is, that an edition of the Statutes at Large, excluding private and local and personal Acts, as well as those which have expired, and those which have been repealed in whole or in part—and containing marginal references wherever a prior statute has been modified by subsequent legislation—should be published by the authority of Government, at a moderate expense; and further, that all Acts and parts of Acts omitted from this edition should be repealed by one general provision. It is further proposed to classify such Statutes as remain under four general heads, including respectively those which relate exclusively to Scotland, Ireland, or the Colonies, and those of which the operation is not so limited. The scheme includes the preparation of lists of obsolete statutes, with a view to their repeal, and of enactments as to the repeal or revival of which doubts exist, with a view to the resolution of the doubts. Provision is also made for the omission of merely formal recitals, though not, we regret to observe, for the selection of short titles for Acts at present unprovided with them, or for the substitution of a nomenclature founded upon the year of our Lord for the present cumbersome and unintelligible mode of referring to the year of the reign. Some notion may be formed of the extent to which such a process would compress the Statute Book, from the fact that a similar work has actually been undertaken and executed by private enterprise. The result is, that whereas the Statutes at Large consist of ninety-eight closely printed octavo volumes, Mr. Chitty has found means to compress into four volumes almost the whole of the existing Statute Law, with the addition of a vast mass of notes of reported cases. So complete is this collection that Lord Campbell has stated in the House of Lords, that in all his experience he hardly ever heard a statute referred to in argument at the bar which was not to be found in it. This fact goes far to show that the proposal of the Law Amendment Society is as feasible as it would be useful; and it has the great merit of being set forward in so definite a manner that, if it should be adopted, we shall be in little danger of seeing the scheme frittered away (as seems to have been the case with the Statute Law Commission) by the anxiety of three or four Commissioners to encumber themselves with a mass of labour which would have taxed to the very utmost the powers of ten times their number.

Another recommendation of the scheme before us is the apparent consciousness, on the part of its promoters, of the fact that

it is only the first in a series of steps which will have to be taken before the law can be brought to a condition in which codification will be possible. It is one feature of their proposal that the new edition of the statutes should be only a stepping-stone towards consolidation. For it is obviously one thing to ascertain, within certain limits, what the law is, and another to classify it under its appropriate heads. It is one thing to take stock, and another thing to sort the stock when taken. When every repealed Act is expunged from the statute book, it will still be necessary, in order to ascertain the law upon any subject, to compare together a vast variety of statutes, qualifying, explaining, and enlarging one another in every direction. Thus, as we noticed on a recent occasion, a statute of Geo. IV. confers on the judge the power of recording sentence of death in all capital cases except those of murder. A statute of the following reign gives the judges "the same power in all respects" in cases of murder as in other capital cases. Both these statutes would appear in the edition proposed by the Law Amendment Society; and they would be consolidated into a single enactment in that future edition to which the one now proposed is intended to be an introduction.

It has been suggested that the scheme in question would clash with Sir Fitzroy Kelly's proposal to consolidate forthwith offences against the person, and those which regulate the laws relating to bills of exchange; and we have been told that we ought to be on our guard against such measures, lest they should introduce classifications which might hereafter be found to proceed upon principles faulty in themselves, and not in accordance with those adopted in other parts of the undertaking. Such objections do not appear to us to be well founded. Anything which might tend to distract the attention of the persons entrusted with the new edition of the Statutes would be, no doubt, a most serious evil. Our only chance of extricating our law from its present confused condition lies in doing one thing at a time, and doing it well; but if Sir Fitzroy Kelly has already so far anticipated the next step in the process as to have actually consolidated the two important branches of the law to which his late motion referred, we cannot see why we should not have the benefit of his labours. When Parliament has given the weight of its sanction to the undertaking promoted by the Law Amendment Society, its execution will not, so far as we can see, be in any way influenced by the subsequent legislation of the Session. It is certain that the labours of those who may ultimately have to consolidate the Statutes when they have been sifted, will be materially lightened by any Consolidation Acts passed in the meantime. Nor do we think that there is any fear of the introduction of false principles of classification by accepting Sir F. Kelly's proposal. The distinction between codification and consolidation is, that the one supplies what the other takes as it finds. Inasmuch as a number of Acts have actually been passed in relation to bills of exchange and offences against the person, we cannot see how there can be any objection to the process of combining them respectively into single enactments, and interweaving with each Consolidation Act the principal judicial decisions referring to its subject.

However great may be the benefits resulting from expurgation and consolidation, there will be a wide interval between the state of things which these operations will produce and a code. It is not easy to make the difference plain to a mind not familiar with law; and even those who are acquainted with our own system, to the exclusion of all others, may not at once appreciate the distinction. We will illustrate our meaning by an example. If we compare our own Inheritance Act (3 and 4 W. IV. c. 106) with the Title of the *Code Civil* which refers to Successions (lib. iii. tit. 1), we shall find that they are constructed on entirely different principles. The object of the *Code Civil* is to describe a system the whole of which was carefully elaborated before any part of it was put upon paper—a system which is complete in itself, and which is destined to form the text of future comments, and not merely to simplify the arguments or to remove the doubts of commentators. It begins, accordingly, by stating, in about half an octavo page, how the right to inherit arises—who, under certain circumstances, shall be presumed to have inherited—and at what moment, and under what limitations, the property in an inheritance vests. It proceeds to consider who are capable of inheriting, and in what order they are to inherit. Upon this subject it defines what is meant by degrees of relationship, and explains what it understands by the legal fiction of representation, and to what extent it intends to adopt it. Having thus determined the conditions of the problem, it proceeds, in the succeeding sections, to state its solution. In short, by acquainting himself with the twenty-two pages in which this subject is discussed, any person might learn, not indeed the solutions of all the questions which could possibly arise upon the French law of hereditary succession, but the great leading principles and rules upon which such questions are to be solved. On the other hand, the Inheritance Act is absolutely unintelligible to any one but a lawyer, and is by no means easily understood even by lawyers. Instead of beginning, like the *Code Civil*, at the beginning, and evolving rules from principles stated in popular language, it begins by affixing to popular language a technical meaning. Thus the first section, amongst other things, defines "land," and enacts that, for the purposes of the Act, that word shall be understood to mean no fewer than

twenty-four different things, a large number of which are altogether unknown to the lay vocabulary. It then goes on to make a multitude of provisions which assume an acquaintance with a very highly artificial system, and which would not only leave no impression on an ordinary reader, but would have a positive tendency to mislead him. It is obvious that a person not previously acquainted with law would derive very little instruction from the Statute in question; nor can this cease to be true of all present and future Acts of Parliament, so long as there is no recognised authoritative enunciation of the principles of law, and of the rules which flow from them by logical necessity.

To whatever extent the process of consolidation may be carried, we shall still be far from having a code, though we shall have greatly facilitated the preparation of one by some future generation of lawyers. The essential requisites of such an undertaking are, that it should be complete in itself—that it should allude to nothing which it does not enact—and that it should be the fountain from which all succeeding legislation should flow, and by which all litigation should in the last resort be decided. The problem, so stated, is obviously one of enormous extent and difficulty. It is one for which all our present measures, excellent as they are, are only paving the way; but it is also one which will contribute, perhaps, more powerfully than any other national undertaking, not only to the immediate convenience, but to the intellectual cultivation of the community. Such a consummation will be greatly accelerated by the strenuous advocacy of such measures as those now before Parliament; and it is also indispensable to educate a body of men accustomed to recognise general principles, and to understand the rules which are their necessary supplement, in order to supply, in course of time, the place of a generation which is prevented from aspiring to anything more than an acquaintance with the various clues by the assistance of which it is possible to thread one's way through that labyrinth of cases and statutes which at present constitutes the law of England.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

AT the last Meeting of this Society, a paper was read, entitled, *An Account of the Observations and Computations made for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of the Deflection of the Plumb-line at Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, and the mean Specific Gravity of the Earth; with an Account of the observed and computed amount of the Local Attraction at Arthur's Seat and at the Royal Observatory at Edinburgh*, by Colonel James, F.R.S.

The author announces the completion of all the computations connected with the primary triangulation, the measurement of the arcs of meridians, and the figures and dimensions of the Earth, connected with the Ordnance Survey. The account of these operations and calculations is now in the press, and will shortly be published. In the mean time, the present communication anticipates some of the most important and interesting facts.

After having determined the most probable spheroid from all the astronomical and geodetic amplitudes in Great Britain, it is found that the plumb-line is considerably deflected at several of the principal trigonometrical stations, and at almost every station the cause of the deflection is apparent in the configuration of the surrounding country. The deflection of the plumb-line at Arthur's Seat is $5^{\circ}1$, and at the Royal Observatory at Edinburgh it amounts to $5^{\circ}3$ to the south. The unequal distribution of matter here, the great trough of the Firth of Forth being on the north, and the range of the Pentland on the south, presents a tangible cause for the result; but, as the contoured plans of the county of Edinburgh are published, and as we have the most perfect data that it is possible to obtain for estimating the amount of local attraction at Arthur's Seat and the Calton Hill, it has been deemed necessary to confirm and establish the results arrived at from the previous investigations of all the observed latitudes.

The principal results obtained are as follows:—

I. The effect of the attraction of the Pentland Hills is observed in nearly equal amount at each of the three stations on Arthur's Seat.

II. The calculated attractions of the mass of Arthur's Seat at the three stations, are—south station, $2^{\circ}25$ north; Arthur's Seat, $0^{\circ}34$ south; north station, $1^{\circ}98$ south. Thus, since the observed deflection at Arthur's Seat is $5^{\circ}27$, the apparent effect of the Pentlands is $4^{\circ}93$ at the summit of the hill.

III. Of this deflection of $4^{\circ}93$, the computed attraction due to the configuration of the ground within a radius of fifteen miles accounts for about $2^{\circ}6$; and as we know that the igneous rocks of Arthur's Seat and the Pentland Hills have an origin at a great depth below the surface of the earth, the difference between the observed and computed attraction is probably owing in part to the high specific gravity of the mass of rock beneath them.

IV. The deflection at the Royal Observatory, Calton Hill, being $5^{\circ}03$ south, exceeds that at Arthur's Seat by $0^{\circ}50$; of this deflection $0^{\circ}60$ is due to the configuration of the ground comprised within a circle of a mile and a-quarter round the observatory.

V. The latitude of Arthur's Seat, or points in the neighbourhood, varies to the amount of $0^{\circ}02$ between high and low water.

VI. The mean density of the earth, determined from the observations at the three stations on Arthur's Seat, is $5^{\circ}14$, with a probable error of ± 07 , due to the errors of astronomical amplitudes.

The paper was illustrated by contour models of Arthur's Seat, and various photographic drawings.

REVIEWS.

SINAI AND PALESTINE.

Second Notice.

WE left Mr. Stanley among the passes of Manasseh which debouch on the great plain of Esdraelon—the rift, twelve miles in breadth, which separates the central mountains of Palestine from the higher and more picturesque Galilean group, immediately connected with the Lebanon. This plain extends across the whole country from the Mediterranean to the banks of the Jordan. In its middle and widest portion lay Megiddo. Further east was Jezreel, which, under its Greek form of Esdraelon, has now given its name to the whole region. What the plain of Stirling was, in old days, to Scotland—what the Low Countries have been more recently to Europe—that, to Palestine, was this wide space of level ground. More great battles were fought here than in any other part of the country. How fitly is this place fixed upon by the author of the *Apocalypse*, as the scene of the great figurative contest between good and evil! Armageddon, which the overheated imagination of recent authors has found in Hungary or at Sebastopol, means simply “the fortified city of Megiddo,” or, if the right reading is Harnageddon, then “the mountain of Megiddo.” It was in this plain that the battle between the forces of Jabin, king of Hazor, and the northern and central tribes of Israel took place. It was the river Kishon which, swollen by a sudden and violent storm, as we are informed by Josephus, swept away the chariots and horses of the terrible invader. It was among the mountains which rise to the north that Sisera, fleeing to what he considered a place of safety, experienced the fatal hospitality of Jael. Here, too, was won a still greater victory over opponents still more formidable. Zebah and Zalmunna, with their inferior sheyks, Oreb and Zeeb, “the Raven” and “the Wolf”—the true ancestors of the formidable Bedouin chief who now dwells beyond the Jordan, and is known as “the Leopard”—had come up, with their wild followers, in countless numbers, with camels and the tents of the desert, and all the accompaniments of Arab life. They had ravaged the rich maritime plain from Gaza to Carmel—they had even penetrated among the spurs of the mountains—but, true to the instincts of their race, they had fixed their head-quarters in the Plain of Esdraelon. The panic of the Israelites was as great as that caused by a Hunnish invasion in Europe; but, according to the old Hebrew proverb, “when the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses is near,” and Gideon, noble to look upon “as the son of a king,” was raised up to smite the barbarians. All his own tribe of Manasseh were with him, and from the north came Zebulon and Naphtali; nay, even the peaceful Asher was terrified into courage. Twice defeated on the soil of the Holy Land, the Arabs crossed the Jordan, and were dwelling secure in the eastern desert, when a third attack completed their overthrow.

But the recollections of the plain of Esdraelon are not all of triumph. Hither, gathering their strength for a final struggle, came the Philistines marching along the seaboard when the once prosperous reign of Saul was setting in dark clouds. Israel was encamped on the ridge of Mount Gilboa, preferring, as usual, to fight among the hills. The Philistines stormed the heights, and it was upon the “high places”—on their own favourite mountains—that the beauty of Israel was slain, and the shield of Saul cast away. At Hadadrimmon, in this plain, Josiah, “sore wounded” by the Egyptian archers, was placed in his chariot of reserve, and carried to Jerusalem to die. “And all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah, and Jeremiah lamented for Josiah.” On the long dry ridge hard by the so-called Mount of the Beatitudes, was encamped, on the 5th of July, 1187, the remnant of the crusading armies. Around them, on the level, were the troops of Saladin, and here took place that “last struggle in which all was staked in the presence of the holiest scenes of Christianity, and all miserably lost.”

The plain of Esdraelon is remarkable for its fertility. It was the special portion of Issachar—Issachar “who saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant,” and becoming almost subservient to the old inhabitants of the country, “bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute.” In the portion of this tribe is the beautiful Mount Tabor, popularly, but erroneously, supposed to be the scene of the Transfiguration. It rises to the height of about 1800 feet, and is remarkable among the hills of Palestine for the scattered glades (like those on the outskirts of the New Forest) which clothe its sides. Tabor looks across to Carmel, a mountain of a very different character in all respects, except its garden-like appearance. A tradition of more than usual pretensions to authenticity preserves, on a secluded part of this long, park-like ridge, the memory of Elijah's contest with the false prophets; and the convent which gives its name to the great Carmelite

order, together with the site of Ecbatana—the scene of what is, as related by Herodotus, one of the most touching stories of ancient history, the last words and death of Cambyses,—add to this noble mountain historical associations which make it one of the most interesting spots in all this deeply interesting district.

Closely connected, both physically and historically, with the plain of Esdraeon, is the great lowland district of the coast, which comprehends Philistia, the plain of Sharon, and the “parts of Tyre and Sidon.” The land of the Philistines is known throughout the Old Testament as “Shefela,” or the “low country.” It consisted of a strip of sand along the shore, and a broad space, rich with waving cornfields, extending to the very base of the hills of Palestine. Mr. Stanley believes that the Philistines were foreign immigrants, either from Crete or Asia Minor, who, settling on this coast, renounced their old maritime habits, but retained their veneration for the deities of the sea. Hence the worship of Dagon. The position of the hungry hills of Dan with reference to the rich plain which obeyed the lords of the five great cities, makes us suspect that the Philistines were not the aggressors in all their wars with Israel; and this suspicion the history of Samson goes far to confirm. Of the five cities, Gaza, Ashdod, and Ekron, are situated on hills withdrawn from the coast—Ascalon and Jaffa upon it. All are remarkable for the luxuriance of the groves which surround them. The scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate, and oranges of unusual size, light up the rich dark green of those beautiful gardens, where the doves, once sacred to the Syrian Venus, still build around the ruins of Ascalon.

As we move northward, the corn-fields of Philistia merge in the pasture-land of Sharon, a wide undulating plain, sprinkled with Bedouin tents, and great flocks of sheep, commanding noble views of Ebal, Gerizim, and other hills of Samaria, but destitute of any historical associations with the Old Testament. It was not fated, however, to remain always in obscurity. On a rocky ledge of this inhospitable coast arose, in the days of Herod, the city of Cesarea. A greater innovation on old Hebrew customs can hardly be imagined. The Jews of an earlier time had gloried in their inland capital, “where shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby;” but Herod had outgrown these Oriental fancies, and his personal interest dictated as close a connexion as possible with Rome, the true centre of his power. With the history of early Christianity, two cities of the coast are closely connected. The one is Joppa, “Jaffa the beautiful,” where St. Peter saw the vision which announced the acceptance of the Gentiles. The other is this very Cesarea where, for two years, the fervid heart of the great Apostle of the Gentiles yearned for that western world where lay his well-beloved Philippi and his much longed-for Rome.

The broad beach which runs round the promontory of Carmel leads us to the Bay of Acre, and the mouth of the plain of Esdraeon. In the Bay of Acre, “Asher continued on the sea-shore, and abode in his creeks,” unable to drive out the inhabitants of Aecho. With the northern extremity of the Bay of Acre, Palestine ends, and Phoenicia begins. Less exposed than Philistia to the attacks of Bedouins, and furnished with many serviceable though small harbours, the rich, beautiful, and well-watered “land of Palms” soon became the scene of commercial activity. So Tyre, “Tzur,” arose on its island rock, and gave its name to all Syria. Sidon, at first a fishing station, soon became a seaport of great importance. Their voyages, their colonies, their long splendour, the prophetic denunciations against them, their overthrow, and some of the many subsequent alternations of their history are known to all; but it must be startling and painful to prophetic interpreters of a certain school to be told that both Tyre and Sidon are at present tolerably prosperous. To all such persons we would recommend the remarks, full of Christian soberness and sterling English good sense, which Mr. Stanley makes at pages 266-268, on the limits within which we must confine the interpretation of prophecy.

The upper or easternmost source of the Jordan is under the high red limestone cliffs, which overhang the site of Cesarea Philippi. It bursts forth, like the Sorgues at Vaucluse, in many rivulets, fed by the snows of Hermon. Its westernmost source pours out at once a full-grown river, rushing from a wide crystal pool. The two streams meet in the upland lake or swamp of Merom, seven miles long by six broad, girt in by an almost impassable forest of reeds, which shelter innumerable wildfowl. This is the first resting-place of the “Jardene,” “the descender,” one of the most headlong rivers in the world. On its banks was fought the third and last great battle of Joshua against the Canaanites. They were led on by Jabin, king of Hazor—an ancestor, no doubt, of the great monarch known by the same dynastic name, whose defeat was sung by Deborah. Nor is that the only historical association of this remote corner of Palestine. On a hill, apparently an extinct crater—for even here we begin to see traces of that volcanic, or at least igneous action, which distinguished the whole of the Jordan valley—the tribe of Dan established, far away from its original seat, a colony, the name of which comes frequently before us in the phrase “from Dan to Beersheba.” We pass on towards the mighty Hermon, the Mount of the Transfiguration, and see, on the slope of a hill, the ruins of Cesarea Philippi, a Syrian Tivoli on the banks of a Syrian Ario. Here arose the villas of Philip the Tetrarch, and the temple which he dedicated to Augustus. From the lake or swamp of Merom to the Sea of Tiberias the course of the Jordan has been

but little explored. It is described, however, as a succession of rapids. In this short space the river falls more than six hundred feet.

The recollections of the Sea of Tiberias are all connected with the New Testament, and with that part of it with which most Christians are best acquainted. Mr. Stanley saw it in early spring, so that he did not experience that intolerable heat and depression which so cruelly interfere with the associations of the spot when travellers are unfortunate enough to visit it rather late in the season. His account, therefore, is far more agreeable to our feelings than that of some other writers. Thirteen miles long by six broad, it might be compared to Windermere, were it not that the deep hollow in which it lies gives it something of the peculiar appearance of crater lakes, such as Alba and Nemi. As the traveller descends from the hills of Galilee, he becomes conscious of entering a different climate. The Nabk, or thorn-tree, never seen on the higher land, grows everywhere luxuriantly; and the oleanders, which have not yet budded in the plains of Merom, already, in the first days of April, light up the beach with their bright pink blossoms. This beach runs all round the lake in a long white line of shelly sand; for the hills fall down in soft grassy slopes, nowhere precipitous, though broken here and there by rock. We have said that all the recollections of the lake are connected with the New Testament. But this statement needs some qualification, for it was at Tiberias that, about the beginning of the second century, was established the great university which has given the place such sanctity in the eyes of the modern Jews; and yet even the Jewish veneration for Tiberias grew, perhaps, out of a confusion between the New Testament and their own traditions. They believed that from this lake the Messiah would rise, land at Tiberias, and establish his throne at Safed—the other holy city on the heights above. The wild story in the Mischna, that the Shechinah, after retiring from Jerusalem, dwelt three years and a half on the Mount of Olives, to see if the people would repent, had perhaps a similar origin.

The banks of the lake are everywhere fertile; but their fertility reaches its height at that spot on the western shore where the mountains retreat and leave room for the little plain of Gennesareth. This garden of Northern Palestine may well be taken to represent to us that more extensive garden of the south, the Vale of Siddim, before the destruction of the cities of the plain. This narrow space of rich and level land was the chief scene of the ministry of Christ in this part of Palestine. A few huts still mark the site of Magdala, and Capernaum must have stood not far off. Every vestige, however, of the town has long since disappeared. We do not sufficiently realize the importance of the Lake of Gennesareth at the time of the events which have made it a household word in Christendom. Not only were the fisheries extensive and busy, but the Herods and their imitators had built around it villas, which we may compare to those which now rise by the bright waters of Como. Its boat-builders, fishermen, the peasants along its banks, and the miscellaneous population of its close-set villages, must have rendered it a centre of activity sufficiently remarkable to justify Mr. Stanley’s observation, that it stood to the capital in somewhat the same relation as the manufacturing districts do to London.

Of the Jordan, between the Lake of Gennesareth and the point where it meets the Jabbok, we know but little. From that place to the Dead Sea it rushes along at once rapid and tortuous, overhung by dense but narrow woods—a true river of the wilderness—far too deeply sunk beneath the general level of the country to be useful for purposes of irrigation. Everywhere limestone and basalt meet the eye—the one the rightful occupant of the land, the other the fiery invader whose intrusion has probably given to the whole region its extraordinary character. Along the banks run long and successive terraces, such as would rejoice the heart of the author of *Ancient Sea Margins*. Indeed, the whole valley, from the commencement of the Arabah to the spurs of Hermon, was very probably once a gulf of the Red Sea, from which the waters gradually retired. The terraces of the Jordan may find many illustrations along the banks of the Seine.

The Asphaltic Pool has lost half its gloom since it has been seen by careful observers. The story of birds being unable to fly over it is a dream, and so is the story of its sulphureous exhalations. The old phrase of the Sacred writers is the true one. It is emphatically the “Salt Sea.” The great mass of rock-salt at its southern extremity is no doubt the cause of this peculiarity. In these sad waters the rushing Jordan has its end—an end as inglorious as that of the Oxus or the Rhine.

In all Mr. Stanley’s delightful book there is no chapter, with the exception of the general view of Palestine, more full of *siccum lumen* than the very short one on Perea and the Trans-Jordanic tribes. What Scotland, in 1750, beyond the Highland line was to England, such were Reuben, Gad, and the half-tribe of Manasseh to their brethren. “Unstable as water”—a nomad tribe—Reuben dwelt in tents, not in fenced cities. “By the streams of Reuben, great were the searchings of heart.” Gathered together like the Bedouin chiefs of our own day, the rulers of the tribe held endless debate, leading to no result. Gad, the lion of the East, as Judah of the South, has his unrestful and predatory story summed up in the words of Jacob:—“Gad, a troop shall plunder him; but he shall plunder at the last.” Through the far forest-land of Gilead, amidst oak, and arbutus, and fir, the half-tribe of Manasseh wandered, a race of herdsmen. Here, and in Bashan,

were its thirty villages of tents. From among them arose the wild, half-barbarian Jephtha, and that grand figure which, at the crisis of Hebrew prophecy, rivets our attention, with his camel's hair mantle and leathern girdle, hurrying away to the Sinaitic desert—Elijah, the Tishbite. On this side of the river lay Pisgah, the scene of Balaam's prophecy and of Jacob's parting from Laban. Hither, too, came David when he fled from Absalom, and the Christians escaping to Pella. Mr. Stanley calls these Eastern heights “the last sigh of the Israelite exile.”

In the angle between the valley of the Jordan and the Plain of Esdraeon lay the mountains of Galilee, the inheritance of Naphtali and Zebulon. These tribes, like Issachar and Asher, are but slightly connected with the history of the more southern part of Palestine. They, as well as the Trans-Jordanic tribes, were carried into captivity before the centres of national life were attacked; and, even in the time of Christ, we find the rudeness of the Galilean dialect a matter of reproach in the capital. The scenery of this region is very beautiful. M. Van de Velde puts it above that of the Vale of Shechem. Thick woods of stately trees remind the traveller that Naphtali was to be like a “spreading terebinth putting forth goodly boughs,” though he looks in vain for anything to illustrate the “hind let loose” and the “goodly words” of our translators. Nazareth is situated in one of the most lovely of the flowery upland basins which are characteristic of Galilee; but it has been so often described that we need merely advert to the aptitude of its perfectly secluded position for the home of Christ during the years which preceded his public ministry.

No part of Mr. Stanley's book will be more frequently referred to by the careful reader of the Old Testament than the admirable Appendix on Hebrew Topographical names. The local vocabulary of the Hebrew language is singularly rich and precise. All this is lost in our authorized version. We might read it for ever without finding out that “springs” are throughout spoken of as the “eyes” of the land—that mountains become almost living creatures, with “heads,” “shoulders,” “ears,” “ribs,” “loins.” The dry water-courses so common in Palestine are put altogether out of sight, by the constant misuse of the word “river.” The distinctive grandeur of the Euphrates and the Nile is thus entirely lost. The Euphrates was simply “The River”—that is, the great river of Asia—while the Nile had its own peculiar designations, scarcely ever applied to other streams. We hail this Appendix for its intrinsic value, and we hail it as one more protest, added to the many which the last few months have brought forth from great public bodies and from individual scholars, against the grave inaccuracies and the chronological confusion which mar our authorized version of the Bible. How long will the great boon of a retranslation, with some tolerable chronological arrangement, be denied to us by simple ignorance and *vis inertiae*? Surely the best and most learned of King James's translators would shudder in their graves could they know that, after all the vast advances which have been made in Biblical science, we, who live, so to speak, in the noonday, should still be using the imperfect instrument which they fashioned, wearily and painfully, in the dim half-light of the morning.

In the notes to *Sinai and Palestine* a great body of curious information is collected, and there are many references, some of them to works by no means likely to fall in the way of the student who has not the advantage of a guide to point them out to him. Most of the well-known authorities, German and English, appear to have been consulted. To Salvador we find one allusion. He is, however, so far as we have observed, the only one of the small knot of Parisian Jewish scholars who seems to have attracted Mr. Stanley's attention. We are surprised to find no reference to the *Palestine* of M. Munk, and none to that vast repository of Old Testament information which is contained in the notes and appendices to the hitherto unrivalled translation of M. Cahen.

But it is gratifying to turn from these minutiae of criticism to express our heartfelt admiration for this thoroughly fresh, manly, and truthful book, in which the author of the *Life of Arnold* has, in our judgment, surpassed any of his former efforts. With the pains and penalties of prophesying before our eyes, we venture to augur for it, first, favour and acceptance with all who are competent to form an opinion on its merits, and then a wide and lasting popularity.

CAUSERIES DU LUNDI.*

M. SAINTE BEUVE has recently published the tenth and concluding volume of his *Causeries du Lundi*. Most of our readers are aware that this is the title given to a collection of criticisms on French literature which appeared on Monday mornings, first in the columns of the *Constitutionnel*, and afterwards in those of the *Moniteur*. The extraordinary learning, the power of arrangement and of rapid composition, which alone could make it possible to produce so vast a number of essays within the space of five years, would be enough to make this collection in every way a remarkable one. But there is more to admire in it than the mere fact of its rapid production under circumstances apparently so little favourable to deliberate thought. It furnishes a survey of so large a portion of French literature,

and has such merits of design and execution, that it is without a rival as a guide to the lives and thoughts of the great men in whom the genius of France has been embodied. We have nothing like it in English, and we do not know of any Englishman who could imitate it. The essays are very short—so short that it is only the great ability of the writer that distinguishes them from articles in a biographical dictionary. By his large and yet delicate criticism, the clearness and elegance of his style, and his exquisite tact, he has made each seem the fruit of long research and reflection, and avoided the appearance of giving a series of hasty sketches. We often hear the complaint from persons in this country, that they do not know what French book to read. Here is a work that any one may read with advantage. He will find notices of the authors with whom he is familiar, written so as to give precision to the conception he has formed of them and their writings, and to quicken and refine his taste; and he may learn as much as he wishes to know of many others who are less famous, but with whose names he is acquainted, and whose position in the history of letters he may desire to ascertain.

The horizon which limits the view of M. Sainte-Beuve is not perhaps a very extensive one. He displays none of the singular power of at once presenting realities, and rising in thought above them, which is so conspicuous in the miscellanies of Mr. Carlyle. There is no biographical sketch in these volumes which can be for a moment compared with those that our distinguished countryman has drawn of Johnson, of Burns, or of Walter Scott. The struggles of the soul, the chequered lot of genius, the vanities of the wise, are subjects too large for the canvas of the *Causeries*. We have here nothing more than the narrative of a skilful writer, and the comments of a sensible one. The chief charm is that everything is in proportion, and that the author has power to express what he wishes to say. How difficult it is to embody even a simple thought in language precise, clear, and pointed, can only be appreciated by those who have carefully examined the vehicle in which they are wont to express themselves, and have patiently studied the models left them by the great masters of taste. To be able to write as M. Sainte-Beuve writes, is the reward of long and forgotten labour—the flower of a cultivation to which years of unremitting care have been devoted. There is much in his criticisms that may remind us of the critical writings of Horace—there is the same vivacity, the same happy choice of words, the same good sense, and also the same narrowness of range. So equally is the language polished throughout, so uniformly are the observations dictated by calmness and moderation of judgment, that it becomes monotonous and almost wearisome to read a great number of these essays consecutively. Their very truth makes them tiring—M. Sainte-Beuve is so fair, so considerate, so gentle in his blame, so nice and just in his praise. There is a truth which can never tire—the truth which is attained, not by accurate perception, but by poetical sympathy; but the truth of exact representation has unavoidably something fatiguing. M. Sainte-Beuve rather falls than rises as his subject is greater, and is most successful when treating of men who may be spoken of as second-rate, if we limit the first place to half a dozen names. He does not speak of men of genius as if he were a man of genius himself, but, short of that, he has almost all the excellencies that a critic can have.

For this kind of writing the French language is much better adapted than any other. Its shades of meaning are more nicely distinguished, it is more rapid and effective, and has been shaped into greater accuracy by men of taste and learning. M. Sainte-Beuve has a fertility in applying apt and suggestive epithets which alone is sufficient to show his critical power. Single instances cannot do him justice, because what is marvellous is that the success is repeated in every page; but we may give one or two expressions that have especially struck us in this tenth volume. In an Essay on Fénelon, speaking of Fénelon's style, he says that it is distinct and finished, but that metaphors and similes do not abound in it, and he then characterizes those which do appear. It would spoil the sentence to attempt to translate it:—“Il a plus rarement l'image; elle lui vient pourtant, discrète, courante, familière.” Again, he speaks of “la piété noble, élevée, généreuse, à la fois sociable et royale, de Fénelon.” Occasionally there is something poetical in the turns of the sentences, although the general character of the style is so quiet and guarded. Of the last letters of Fénelon, in which pre-sentiments of approaching death are easily traced, he says: “La lecture de ces lettres dernières me fait l'effet des derniers jours d'un doux hiver, on sent le printemps par delà.” Rarely, very rarely, he seems to indulge in one of those forced allusions which are the bane of modern French writing. But generally he is so scrupulous that he even notices errors against taste in the passages he quotes from the authors of whom he is writing. For instance, he finds fault with Fénelon for speaking of “a broken reed, which bends under your weight, and pierces your hand;” because, as he remarks, a reed which bent would not hurt you. He possesses in an eminent degree that *netteté* which, in his *Essay on Agrippa d'Auigné*, he says is “the quality of every good writer since Pascal.” In short, his excellencies of style are above number and above praise. Perhaps they are most conspicuous in what has always been the great field for critical display—comparisons between kindred writers. We will give as a specimen a short passage, in which he contrasts Linnaeus with Buffon:—“Linné, l'homme de l'ordre et de la méthode, observateur neuf, ingénieux, inventif, à l'œil de

* *Causeries du Lundi*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Tome dixième, Paris. Garnier Frères. 1855.

lynx, écrivain concis et expressif, poète même dans son latin semé d'images et taillé en aphorismes, Linné fait un parfait contraste avec Buffon, le peintre du développement et des grandes vues, et dont la phrase aux membres distincts et nombreux, enchaînés par une ponctuation flexible, ne se décide qu'à peine à finir."

M. Sainte-Beuve is an ardent supporter of the present Government in France, as may be gathered from the fact of his writing in the *Moniteur*. He tells us, in a postscript, that it was impossible to change from the *Constitutionnel* to the Government organ without some corresponding change in the manner of writing. And it is curious to trace the mode in which his official responsibility has acted on him. In writing of the President Jeannin, a statesman of the time of Henri IV., he finds a new occasion for speaking of the old worthies of France, scores of whom he had written about before, without any other reason than their merits. He now thinks that "the *Moniteur* should be, with respect to such men, a sort of continual French Plutarch; and that all the great servants of the State should find there, sooner or later, their biography or their portrait." Sometimes the same feeling shows itself in religious platitudes; sometimes in praises bestowed on authors whom he considers to agree with him—on Bossuet, for seeing that men must have one master, and that it is better that he should be the king than the minister; on Vicq d'Azur, for recognising that the days of feudal inequality are gone for ever. It may not be exactly dishonest that a writer who is attached to a party from conviction should humour the spirit of that party, and learn to use its language; but we feel that it shows a certain want of frankness, and that it is a part of the narrowness which circumscribes the sphere of M. Sainte-Beuve, that he can acquiesce in what falls short of perfect freedom and unreserve. He is a writer whom we may learn from, and study, and admire, but not one to whom we can wholly abandon ourselves; and although the general impression he produces is that we may trust him as a faithful guide, yet we are occasionally obliged to follow him with open eyes and guarded footsteps.

THE EXPEDITION TO THE CRIMEA.*

M. DE BAZANCOURT went to the Crimea at the beginning of last year, having been charged by M. Fortoul, the Minister of Public Instruction, with the task of writing the history of the expedition. He carried with him letters of recommendation from the Minister of War to the Commander-in-Chief, and had thus every advantage which a writer could have. The record which he gives to the world is accordingly almost of an official character—it is the French history of the war of 1854 and 1855. There is nothing very new in it, for the great events of the struggle must remain the same, whoever is the narrator; but smaller incidents take a colouring according as they are viewed by an Englishman or a Frenchman, and much that happened in the French camp could not be known to the correspondents of London journals. The volume now published only carries us to the first bombardment of Sebastopol on the 17th of October, 1854, and therefore nothing contained in it is the fruit of personal observation. But the author has evidently bestowed much patient attention on the collection and arrangement of his materials, and on the whole this is as vivid and as faithful an account of the Crimean expedition as we are likely to have from France. Hitherto we have only had fragments of despatches and letters—now we have a corrected history written under the auspices of the Government, and we may learn from its pages what the French think both of us and of themselves.

Time has flown so rapidly that already the first great scene of the Russian war has become historical. It has passed out of the region of journalism—its history is being written—the manner is being fixed in which the world will hereafter view it. To all those who have taken part in the struggle, whether as combatants, as friends, as fellow-countrymen, or as critics, this is a memorable epoch. They have reached the point at which they are invited to turn back and view the past, gathered up and lying far beneath them. In this country, the daily press has furnished us with a continual series of diaries, letters, reports, accusations, recriminations, excuses—it has poured forth assertion upon assertion, and comment upon comment, until an impartial reader has asked in vain where the truth lies. But here we have something more than food for every-day curiosity. We have the deliberate judgment of a writer who has had unusual means of arriving at the truth, who has attempted to sift the incongruous mass of temporary statements, and has done his best to work out a permanent result. We have to ask ourselves whether the result he has arrived at is that which history will ultimately accept? Was Marshal St. Arnaud the soul of the Crimean expedition—the one director, commander, statesman, to whom all looked up? Were Lord Raglan and the English generals alternately pressed forward by the impulse of popular opinion, and irresolute before actual difficulties? In action, were the French hindered and delayed by the slowness of the English? And was the Alma made an affair, not of generalship, but of physical strength and

dogged resolution, because the English could not carry out the part assigned to them? These things are asserted by M. de Bazancourt, not doubtfully, not with any mock politeness, not glossed over with any hollow compliments, but as indisputable facts. We have a duty to fulfil which he had not. We have to inquire whether any one was to blame, and who—we have to watch over the reputation of injured individuals; we have to distinguish between a system and the men who work it, and to ascertain whether any other system is possible under the English constitution. But M. de Bazancourt has only to look at results, and to state what those results are. If we take issue with him at all, it must be on simple questions of fact. It is possible that issue may be taken successfully. Englishmen will eagerly ask what are the facts stated by a French writer, publishing under Government authority; but they must accept them as open to future inquiry, and they ought to suspend their judgment for the present.

The mournful tale of the sufferings of the allied armies at Varna, the reasons that induced Marshal St. Arnaud to occupy that unhealthy spot, and the amount of success and failure that attended the occupation, form the subject of the first and most interesting half of this volume. The direction of affairs was, we are told, so much in the hands of the French commander at this period that we have never before had anything like a clear account of this portion of the war. St. Arnaud, we are given to understand, did everything, directed everything, ordered everything—he even very kindly furnished Lord Raglan with hints for despatches to the English Government. The few words in which this is told throw so much light on the whole relation which M. de Bazancourt represents as existing between the two commanders, that we think it worth while to give them in full:—

As to Lord Raglan (writes the Marshal), as he suffers under the great additional embarrassment of being urged by his general officers to do something, I shall do what I can to screen him in the eyes of his Government by explaining to him in writing, at the same time that I furnish him with further information, the motives of prudence and good sense which have induced me to modify my plan.

The Turks were defending Silichia with that heroic valour which has won them eternal renown, and the allied Generals were still kept far away by the non-arrival of their troops at Gallipoli—some being detained by stress of weather, and others by the necessity of securing Greece. When the French army arrived at Varna, the General learnt the news of the raising of the siege, and of the precipitate retreat of the Russians. "The Russians cheat me by saving themselves," he said. "I cannot recover the blow which their shameful retreat has given me. If I had had them in my grasp, I should infallibly have beaten them. Now we are thrown back into uncertainty." The Russians evidently had never contemplated so quickly abandoning the right bank of the river—they had thrown up works of the most solid and massive character, and nothing but a change in the aspect of political affairs could have induced them to withdraw so suddenly. However, the orders had been given to assemble all the allied troops at Varna, and they continued to arrive, and both commanders received directions from their Governments not to quit that place. To occupy the time of idleness, St. Arnaud organised the regiments of Bashi-Bazouks, under General Yusuf, and sent the expedition into the Dobrutschia which perished so miserably under the ravages of cholera. The English Government sent positive directions to invade the Crimea, and the French Government concurred in the wish to see the invasion undertaken, but left more to the discretion of St. Arnaud. The cholera, and the demoralising influences of inaction, soon made him see that the allied armies must move, and that nothing but an attempt on Sebastopol remained possible, although he seems to have had a private preference for a descent on Anapa and a Circassian war, and to have thought that the conquest of the Crimea would be more advantageous to England than to France. He felt, however, that if the risks of a Crimean expedition were greater, the prize of success was much more splendid. Once taken, his resolution was unalterable, and it is, we are assured, to the energy of his character and the force of his will that the expedition was ultimately owing. The breaking out of the cholera in the fleet made both the French and the English Admiral adverse to the undertaking. A council was held, and St. Arnaud said:—

We have not now to think over obstacles, but to conquer them; it is a great responsibility; but we must place ourselves above it. There must be no more doubt, no more indecision; we are pressed for time; our resolution of to-day must be irrevocable.

And so great, according to our author, was the effect of his unflinching and impetuous language, that the vote for the expedition was unanimous.

Every one has heard of the dreadful sufferings which St. Arnaud underwent, and of the heroism with which he combated the approaches of a mortal disease, in order to fulfil to the end the task he had undertaken. These sufferings are described with great vividness by M. de Bazancourt. St. Arnaud was too ill to accompany the exploring expedition sent to decide on the place of landing, and this was a source of great mortification to him. He evidently trusted no one but himself, for when Lord Raglan and his companions returned and announced that they were of opinion that the landing should be made at Old Fort, St. Arnaud, although he alone had not seen the coast, wished to

* *L'Expédition de Crimée jusqu'à la prise de Sébastopol. Chroniques de la Guerre de l'Orient. Par le Baron de Bazancourt. Première partie. Paris: Anno. 1856.*

land at the Katcha. He yielded, however, and every detail of the expedition was arranged. His greatest anxiety was to know who was to be his successor; and so obviously did this anxiety prey on him, that General Canrobert thought himself permitted to inform the Marshal that he had been appointed commander-in-chief in case St. Arnaud were removed by death or illness. There can, we think, be no doubt that St. Arnaud was a man of great energy and great powers of endurance; and there can, perhaps, be little doubt that he was in some sense at the head of affairs. But it should be remembered that he was very egotistical, as is apparent on the face of every despatch he sent home, and that from illness, and constitutionally, he was very excitable. Lord Raglan, on the contrary, was a model of modest and high-bred calmness. The effect of two such men being placed in conjunction is, inevitably, that the former should appear the more prominent. Lord Raglan may have been satisfied with a substantial share of power fairly representing the claims of England, and may have thought it rather beneath him to quarrel with St. Arnaud's grand expressions about "my plan," and "my decisions."

There is, perhaps, more novelty in the description of the battle of the Alma than in any other part of the work. M. de Bazancourt has many of the qualities that make a good military writer—technical knowledge, clearness, graphic power, and enthusiasm. As we read his account we feel that we really know what the French did. He gives us a sketch of the plan of the battle as originally formed, and a most lively narrative of the adventurous attack of Bosquet on the Russian left. His account of this battle will be read with the deepest interest by Englishmen; and we will therefore give a summary of it, so far as the narrative relates, or professes to relate, distinct facts illustrating the conduct of the English commander-in-chief and his army. The history of the war must be written some time or other, and all we can wish is that it should be written truly. If the statements of M. de Bazancourt are true, let them be known to be true—if they are false, let them hereafter be contradicted.

About five o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th of September, St. Arnaud called together the French general officers, and explained to them verbally the plan of battle on which he had previously agreed with Lord Raglan. The plan consisted in the English executing a flank movement to turn the Russian right, while the enemy's attention was to be diverted by a movement on his left, made by the French division of General Bosquet; and the main body of the French army was to endeavour to break the Russian centre. The times of departure on the following morning were fixed as follows: the right wing of the Allied army at half-past five; the left, composed of the English, at six; the centre at seven.

In the evening, St. Arnaud is stated to have sent Colonel Trocher to the English camp to communicate to Lord Raglan "the plan of the battle, and to inform him of the hour at which the troops were to march, in order to learn whether Lord Raglan wished for any alteration." We will pass over the seeming inconsistency of St. Arnaud sending to communicate a plan which he is before said already to have agreed upon; for two independent generals must each feel anxious to learn at the last moment that the other holds to the plans they have laid down in common, and M. de Bazancourt may mean no more than this, although the expression used is not complimentary to Lord Raglan. The next is the all-important statement. It is this—that Lord Raglan, in the presence of Colonel Trocher and General Rose, agreed to the plan of the battle and to *the hour of departure*. Is this true or not? It is a most audacious statement to make, if not true, because, although Lord Raglan is no more, General Rose is still living; nor have we the slightest reason to suppose that any feeling so miserable as national jealousy would induce Colonel Trocher to pass by a misstatement if he could contradict it.

We will continue the narrative of M. de Bazancourt. At half-past five, on the 20th, the second division of the French army, under General Bosquet left its bivouac, and at half-past six it was seen as a compact body in the distance. But although the English were to have started at six, no movement, we are told, was to be seen on their side. Canrobert, in astonishment at this, went to Prince Napoleon, and together they proceeded to the division of Sir De Lacy Evans. They expressed their astonishment at the delay, and Sir De Lacy Evans replied, "I have received no orders." They perceived that there was some misunderstanding, and that before all things it was necessary to stop the advance of Bosquet's division. General Canrobert went to St. Arnaud, and informed him of the delay on the part of the English; and St. Arnaud, it is added, immediately sent an officer of his staff to bid General Bosquet stay where he was till further orders.

At seven, Colonel Trocher was sent to inquire of Lord Raglan the reason of the delay. At half-past seven he arrived at Lord Raglan's quarters. He found the English Commander on horseback, and said to him—

"My lord, the Marshal thought, after what you did me the honour of saying to me yesterday evening, that your troops were to start at six o'clock." "I am giving orders now," Lord Raglan replied, "everything is being got ready, and we are going to set out; a part of my troops only arrived at a very late hour of the night."

We are not informed, with the particularity we might have wished, of what intervened during the next three hours, but M. de Bazancourt tells us that it was half-past ten when

Colonel Trocher announced that the English were ready to set out. Besides the general ill-effect which all delay and uncertainty must produce, M. de Bazancourt ascribes a particular failure to the inaction of the English. The Russians had time to ascertain the proposed plan of battle—they saw that the attack of Bosquet was only meant to be of secondary importance, and that the real attack was to be from the allied centre and left.

At eleven, General Bosquet received orders to march forward. The flank movement executed by his division had, we are told, an immense influence on the result of the day—although this seems inconsistent with the implied statement just given, that the attack of that division of the French army was only intended as a diversion of the attention of the enemy. We have not space to follow the very interesting account of this adventurous exploit. We all know that it was admirably conducted, and eminently successful. It is not perhaps so generally known that its success was at one moment seriously endangered by the threatened attack of two regiments of Russian cavalry, supported by a battery of horse artillery. General Bouat, however, immediately led forward his brigade and the Turkish division, and the enemy retreated.

The report of the first cannon fired by General Bosquet was, we learn, the signal for the allied centre and left to advance. The French under General Canrobert and Prince Napoleon ascended the heights, and then ensued the fierce fight for the Telegraph Station, which was terminated by the successful charge of the Zouaves. We cannot enter into the particular incidents of this attack, but the attention of English readers will be arrested when they hear that St. Arnaud was already watching the retreat of the Russians, when General de Martimprey came up from the left, and brought the news that the English, arrested on their march by a formidable artillery, decimated by a murderous fire, and menaced by enormous masses, met with serious difficulties in carrying the positions assigned them. St. Arnaud ordered Prince Napoleon to make a movement to the left, and sent direction to Generals Canrobert and Bosquet to support the movement. The assistance ultimately became unnecessary, for before the division of Prince Napoleon could operate in aid of the English, our position had been made good, although the effect of the English resistance to the last attack of the Russians was considerably increased by a French battery coming up in time to take the Russians on their flank.

Let us resume distinctly the main points which we find asserted in this narrative, and on which Englishmen may naturally wish for further investigation. They are these:—1. That Lord Raglan, on the evening of the 19th, agreed to move his men forward at six the next morning. 2. That at half-past seven on the day of the battle the English were not in motion—a General of Division had received no orders to move—and that Lord Raglan, when asked by a French officer why the English did not advance according to the plan agreed on, replied, in a manner acknowledging the agreement, that some of his troops had only arrived late on the night before. 3. That the Division of General Bosquet actually started at half-past five, but, in consequence of the delay of the English General, had to wait till eleven before receiving final orders to cross the Alma. 4. That the Russians opposed to the main body of the French were actually in retreat, when it was perceived that the English were in difficulty, and that a movement was ordered by the French Marshal to support them. We do not wish to enter on a discussion of these points at this time. We have not the means of doing so fully. We know that with regard to some of these points, a very different impression prevails among officers of the English army most qualified to know the truth. But we cannot quote private opinions, or the descriptions of newspaper correspondents against the statements of a book written so deliberately, and accredited by the sanction of the French Government. We must leave it to time to unfold what is obscure. When the war is over, we may hope to have Lord Raglan's letters published, and we shall then be able to discuss the subject without fear of the dispute inducing apparent coolness between us and the French at a time when, as now, not only the reality but the display of an intimate alliance is so essential to the peace of Europe.

After the struggle was over, the French, it is said, were kept two days on the field of battle, because the English were deficient in the means of attending to their wounded. This is a fact admitted by Lord Raglan, and there can be no question as to its truth. But we are bound to say that M. de Bazancourt does not exaggerate its importance. He does not pretend to say that a rapid march on Sebastopol offered any clear and uncontested advantages. Throughout he employs a tone with regard to our army which leaves us no room to find fault. He never sneers or passes over English exploits, or dwells on our shortcomings, or damns us with faint praise. He praises heartily when he praises at all. He pays a constant tribute to the firmness and coolness with which our troops marched to death. Certainly he criticises their military character, and remarks that they want the dash of French troops, and throw away lives by meeting obstacles in face instead of attempting to turn them. But we have nothing to complain of in this kind of criticism. A native of a third country would gather from his narrative that there are things English soldiers can do which French soldiers cannot. When he narrates the history of the bombardment of the 17th of October, he frankly allows that French batteries were enfiladed

and French guns burst, while the strength of English batteries remained unimpaired. The two main positions he lays down with respect to the comparative standing of the two armies are—first, that the superior energy of St. Arnaud made him the guiding spirit of the allied forces; and secondly, that the French were much more quick and ready than the English, better able to move, and more manageable. He does not go further, and make unwarrantable deductions. Are these assertions true? On this point we must suspend our judgment, having no adducible evidence to modify or disprove them. But we know that there is something to be said regarding them—something that will be said at the proper time. We know that there are officers in our army who would consider some of M. de Bazancourt's statements unfair and unwarranted. But they must hold their peace until the war is over; and therefore we cannot but think it an unfortunate circumstance, and one hardly in accordance with the scrupulous politeness hitherto displayed by our allies, that the French Government should have allowed this volume to appear at the present time. Supposing that all M. de Bazancourt says is true, it will not be accepted as true by many Englishmen, and especially by many English officers, without investigation. But investigation is impossible until peace is declared. The great bulk of Englishmen will not care, because their national pride is so strong that they can afford to have their national vanity wounded. But English officers may deeply, though silently, resent that our army should be spoken of in such a way by a semi-official French writer, when they have no power of reply. We must express a strong hope that M. de Bazancourt will withhold any further publication for the present, and that the narrative of Balaklava and Inkermann may not be given to the world until the Conferences of Paris have issued in a peace equally honourable to both countries.

THE LUMP OF GOLD, AND OTHER POEMS.*

WE have lately had occasion to animadvert with some severity upon the eccentricities of that school of Poetry which sacrifices everything to the display of spasmodic strength and transcendental intensity. We have not been more lenient to the opposite defects of that school (if school it may be called) whose disciples are content to clothe commonplace sentiments on worn-out themes in verse possessing no other attribute than that mellifluous mediocrity which is proverbially intolerable to "gods, men, or columns," whether weekly, monthly, or quarterly. In the present volume of Dr. Charles Mackay we have great pleasure in recognising the workmanship of a master who is deep without being turbid, and musical but not monotonous. Writing of and for the age, he treats of every-day topics without triteness or vulgarity, looking at the world we live and work in through a medium of poetical feeling which colours, but does not confuse, the scenes and objects he would present to our view. It is one characteristic merit of Dr. Mackay's poetry, that it deals with subjects not remote from the ordinary pursuits of Englishmen in the middle of the nineteenth century. Another and a higher merit is, that it deals with these subjects in a spirit of wise toleration, and real but not ostentatious philosophy. His works are pervaded by a mild and chastened wisdom, expressing itself, not with painful elaboration, but with spontaneous ease. Let it be at once conceded that concentrated force, whether of thought or style, is not among the peculiar gifts of Dr. Mackay; yet enough remains to entitle him to the praise of a true and pleasing poet.

His principal poem, the *Lump of Gold*, is by no means the best in the volume. It is an idyl of common life, simple in construction, and sufficiently inartificial in style. Aubrey has left his young wife, Lilian, under the roof of her father, Parson Vale, of Mickletorpe, a quiet village "embowered amid the Surrey Hills;" while he, less from thirst of gold than from the restlessness of youth, the love of change, and the ambition of raising up from its ruins his old ancestral house, has hastened away from England "to delve the mines of Ballarat for undiscovered ore." On his voyage out, he forms a vehement friendship with Heseltine, a youth of kindred aims and aspirations. Arrived at the gold land, he experiences all the hot and cold fits of the gold fever, till the day comes when he finds his monster nugget—"the lump of gold" which gives its name to the poem. It is too heavy to lift; but he marks the spot, and spends sleepless nights in prowling round his useless treasure:—

I waked in fear—I slept in dread—
I was afraid of day,
Lest its heedless light to human eyes
My secret should betray;
And when I visited the spot
I walked another way—
Miles about like a dodging fox,
Keen-eyed and strong of limb,
Lest men should follow and mark the place
Where slept mine idol grim,
And slay the worshipper at the shrine
For the sake of the saint below;
The fiendish saint—the Golden god—
My comforter—my foe!

* *The Lump of Gold, and other Poems.* By Charles Mackay. London: Routledge. 1856.

These fevered watchings end in frenzy. A step tracks him to his haunt. He turns and sees Heseltine, whom in his madness he denounces as "a robber who dogs his path." Blows follow. He strikes his friend to the earth with a mallet—believes that he has slain him—leaves him where he lies, and hurries back by the first ship to England with the curse of Cain in his soul. The opening stanzas of the poem—whose only fault is that their rhythm inevitably recalls Hood's matchless "Bridge of Sighs"—thus paint the despair of the returned sinner, hastening through the desolation of a London midnight, on his way to commit self-murder:—

"Where shall I hide myself?—
Lost and undone!—
A beggar—an outcast—
Insulting the Sun!—
Oh! Yesterday vanished!
How lovely wert thou!—
The hope in my spirit,
The pride on my brow,
The firm self-reliance,
My guardian and friend,
The courage unyielding
That Fate could not bend,
Were mine to support me.
Oh! Yesterday fair!
Come back, oh come back to me,
Free from despair!
To-day is relentless,
My judge and my foe;—
And misery tracks me,
Wherever I go.
My temples are throbbing
With sin unforgiven;
Men shall not pity me!
Pity me, Heaven!"

Down came the drenching rain,
Beating the window-pane,
Hoarsely the rusty vase
Groan'd to the blast.
Few in the dreary street,
Plodded with weary feet;
He, through the piercing sleet,
Shadow-like passed.
The lamps shook and stagger'd,
And creak'd to the wind;
And each on the pavement
Threw trailing behind,
A flickering beam,
As of fire on a stream,
Or torch of the Sprite,
That dances o'er stagnant pools,
Cheating belated fools,
Roaming at night.

Under the doorways,
Screened from the weather,
Desolate women stood
Crouching together;
They, as he passed them,
Wondered, and gazed:—
Said one to the other,
"He raves, he is crazed!—
Something has troubled him,—
Hark how he moans!"

* * * * *
He saw not—he heard not—
Poor way-trodden flowers,
Your pity escaped him!
His world was within:—
A world—or a chaos—
Of anguish and sin.
The rain and the tempest
Were cool to his cheek,
Balm to his throbbing brow.

We shall not go on to relate how the frenzied man is arrested in his course, nor by what sweet influences he is gradually won back again to love and life—to find that his soul is purged from the guilt of murder, and that a future of peaceful happiness awaits him. The story of this recovery of a lost spirit is very charmingly told in a linked sequence of stanzas replete with deep pathos and redolent of pastoral beauty.

Among the minor poems in the volume, the lines on *Inkermann*, on *Napoleon and the Sphynx*, and on the *Column of Luxor*, will probably strike most home to the sympathies of the general public. For ourselves, however, we confess a preference for the more placid and thoughtful effusions of Dr. Mackay. There is much sweetness and beauty in the following lines, descriptive of the brief leisure of an overtired brain, but not a world-wearied heart:—

Alone, alone, let me wander alone!
There's an odour of hay o'er the woodlands blown;
There's a humming of bees beneath the lime,
And the deep blue heaven of a Southern clime
Is not more beautifully bright
Than that English sky with its islets white,
And its alp-like clouds, so snowy fair!—
The birch leaves dangle in balmy air;
And the elms and oaks scarce seem to know
When the whispering breezes come or go;
But the bonnie sweet-briar, she knows well;
For she has kissed them—and they tell!
And bear to all the West and South
The pleasant odours of her mouth.
Let me alone to my idle pleasure;
What do I care for toil or treasure?
To-morrow I'll work, if work you crave,
Like a king, a statesman, or a slave;

But not to-day, no! nor to-morrow,
If from my drowsy ease I borrow
No health and strength to bear my boat
Through the great life-ocean where we float.

Under the leaves, amid the grass,
Lazily the day shall pass,
Yet not be wasted. Must I ever
Climb up the hill-tops of Endeavour?
I hate you all, ye musty books!
Ye know not how the morning looks;
Ye smell of studies long and keen;—
I'll change the white leaves for the green!
My Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope,
I'll leave them for the grassy slope,
Where other singers sweet as they
Chant hymn, and song, and roundelay.
What do I care for Kant or Hegel,
For Leibnitz, Newton, Locke, or Schlegel?
Did they exhaust philosophy?
I'll find it in the earth or sky,
In woodbine wreaths, in ears of corn,
Or flickering shadows of the morn;
And if I gather nothing new,
At least I'll keep my spirits true
And bathe my heart in honey dew.

This day I'll neither think nor read
Of great Crimean toil or deed.
To-morrow, as in days agone,
I'll pray for peace by valour won,
For speedy triumph of the right,
And Earth's repose in Love's own light.
To-day I need a true myself
From books and men, from care and pelf,
And I will have it in cool lanes,
O'erarching like cathedral fanes,
With elm and beech of sturdy girth;
On the bosom of green earth
Amid the daisies;—dreaming, dozing,
Fallow, fallow, and reposing!

Keen as the above passage shows the writer's appreciation to be of leisure earned by toil, the following indignant denunciation of the lotos-eaters of modern Germany will equally prove that he has no sympathy with those who shrink from the efforts which the age demands:—

Lazily runs the tide of human life—
There is no effort in our German land—
Of what avail are ceaseless moil and strife?
Is there not time? Why move, if we can stand?
There is no object the wide world can show,
Worth English hurry, sweat, and sore distress;
Let the moons wane and wax, and come and go,
And let us Germans doze in happiness!

Why should we turn and spin in frantic haste?
When we have seventy years to live and dream?
Through cloud and vapour speed is perilous waste,—
Anchor the ship, there's fog upon the stream!
And let us sit and smoke the live-long day,
With deep-drawn whiffs, and drink the fatten beer;
Gazing on earth, or on the wreathlets grey
That curl above pipes we love so dear!

* * * * *
Perish the Sultan! What is he to us?
Let Russia flourish! Why should we complain?
Are we the avengers? Work thy pleasure, Russ!
And let us smoke and sleep—and smoke again!
Firm as a rock let Germany endure;
Not like a rocket, blazing from the west;
Japan in Europe—slow, but very sure;—
Oh, gives us pipes, and let us rest!

Our citations have already been longer than we could wish, and we can but allude to the well-known poem called *The Souls of the Children*, in which Dr. Mackay shows how deeply he has felt one of the strongest needs of the time—the need of devising some method of rescuing from sin and wretchedness those poor waifs and strays of humanity, the young Ishmaelites of our streets. It is in thus giving expression to the wants and feelings of the age that our lyric poets may henceforth find their best and noblest employment. It is quite as much in consequence of the just sense which Dr. Mackay has shown of this high function of the modern poet as of the genius which he has manifested in the execution of his elevated and ennobling task, that we have been induced to speak thus highly of the volume before us. Without claiming for him a first rank among his contemporaries in respect of those gifts which more peculiarly constitute the poet, we feel no hesitation in saying that, while no verse-writer of the day has displayed a more scholarlike command over the resources of poetic diction, none has approached him in the still higher merit of devoting his powers to those high interests of humanity which the "great world's heart is now most dreaming of."

HERBERT SPENCER'S PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY.*

A N original book on Psychology—that is to say, a book which is original in the sense of all its ideas having been thought out by the author for himself, and not simply adopted by him from others—must excite the attention of all students, and earn their gratitude, however it may on some points rouse their anta-

* *The Principles of Psychology.* By Herbert Spencer, Author of *Social Statistics*. London: Longmans.

gonism, and teach what seems to them error. Such a book Mr. Herbert Spencer has written. It is original in the true sense of the word, but not in the merely capricious departure from current opinions which some writers fondly imagine to be originality. It is new in its leading ideas, new in conception, new in illustration, while it is nevertheless a continuation and development of lines of thought which science has gradually been preparing; so that many of its conclusions will only seem like the definite expression of opinions which the reader has had floating in his mind for some years. The style is clear, somewhat monotonous, but never equivocal or misty—the illustrations are numerous, and often felicitous—the spirit earnest and sincere. For vigour of mind and logical consistency, there are few works which we could place above it; although, in spite of the systematic thinking which each section exhibits, we have to regret a certain fragmentary incompleteness in the structure of the whole, which the ill-health pleaded in the preface may explain without wholly excusing. Instead of calling his book *Principles of Psychology*, Mr. Spencer would perhaps have caused less disappointment had he called it *Essays towards a New System of Psychology*.

Regarded in the light of essays, the novelty and importance of the ideas here set forth command serious attention. We do not say that our readers will acquiesce in Mr. Spencer's views—on the contrary, we are certain that his denial of free-will, and his identification of Mind with Life, although not aggressively advanced, will rouse resolute opposition. But antagonism is not inconsistent with respect; and Mr. Spencer is too sincere, and is too remarkable a thinker, not to ensure courteous attention from adversaries. We shall not, in the limited space at our disposal, enter upon any controversy with him; but we shall endeavour to indicate, as briefly as possible, the nature of the speculations which he has unfolded in this work.

One peculiarity in Mr. Spencer's system is, that he seems to have approached Psychology through the avenues of science. He has not been a student of the old psychology—he has sat at the feet of no professor, learning from him what the schools had thought and taught. He seems very slightly acquainted with the writings of that illustrious line of thinkers from Aristotle to Hegel, who have tried to solve the great problems

Of fate, fore-knowledge, free-will absolute.

He has approached the subject from another point. His studies of Life have gradually led him to the more complex problems of Mind; and once engaged in these inquiries, he has cast about, not very widely, for assistance from the metaphysicians, though he has apparently only gained from them the aid of definite contradiction. Hence his remarks on Kant, Hume, and Sir W. Hamilton, which are purely critical and polemical, are, if we remember rightly, the only passages in which the psychological schools are recognised at all. Had his treatise been more obviously systematic than it is, we should perhaps have had some explicit statement of his method. He would have told us where physiology ends, and Psychology begins, and would have answered many other questions which must arise during the study of his work.

He begins with an inquiry into the validity of consciousness, and tries to settle that primary demand of all speculation—What criterion have we for the truth of any belief? Seeing that men have doubted even the existence of an external world, and advanced philosophic arguments in support of their scepticism, he naturally seeks to lay a firm basis for his own and for every other system, by ascertaining whether any criterion is available. He finds one in the "universal postulate" that "every belief the contrary of which is unthinkable must be true."

He next proceeds to analyze every kind of cognition into its simplest component elements, commencing with the most complex forms, such as compound quantitative reasoning, and descending, through the less complex forms, till he finally arrives at the fundamental characteristic of all thought. Every compound quantitative argument is resolved into a series of simple quantitative arguments, and these all involve the establishment of the relations of equality. All cognition, simple as well as compound, is thus shown to depend on the establishment of the relation of *likeness*. The whole of these chapters, which include the first two parts of the volume, will be read by every student with admiration for their profound and lucid analysis of very difficult and delicate questions, and with only an occasional and unimportant dissent from the conclusions they establish. But with the two remaining parts it will be different, because in them the synthetical originality of the author leads him to conclusions which cannot hope for much acceptance from the English public—as our readers will gather from the following brief intimation.

Bodily life and mental life Mr. Spencer regards as two divisions of Life in general, related to each other as species of which Life is the genus. He first treats of bodily Life, defining it to be "correspondence of internal with external relations;" and in rapid yet masterly sketches, he shows how the simple homogeneous forms of life gradually become more and more complex and heterogeneous as the adjustment of internal to external relations becomes more complex and special. He then treats of mental life in a similar way, from the earliest form of contractility to that of simple sensibility, upwards to perceptions, instincts, feelings, and the highest processes of ratiocination; in one and all of which he finds what he finds in the bodily life,

namely, "the adjustment of internal to external relations." This is an exposition of psychical phenomena which will find little favour except with those who advocate materialism.

Argument with Mr. Spencer on topics like these would be ineffectual in such space as a weekly journal could afford; and we must leave his positions, therefore, to be met by the reader in his own study. In closing our brief notice, we cannot help one reflection. Whatever pain may be felt at finding so remarkable an intellect on the side of opinions which most readers must regard as opposed to their most cherished convictions, there will be a counterbalancing pleasure and a high moral influence in the contact with a mind so thoroughly earnest and sincere in the search after truth as every page of this work shows Mr. Spencer's to be.

FROM FRANCE TO CHINA.*

IN December, 1843, a diplomatic mission was sent to Macao by Louis Philippe, for the purpose of concluding a treaty with the Chinese Viceroy, Ki-ing. The members of the legation, under the direction of M. de Lagrené, the plenipotentiary, consisted, in addition to the usual staff, of M. Xavier Raymond, historiographer, and M. Yvan, physician to the expedition, while the Minister of Commerce was represented by four delegates from the Chambers of Commerce of Rheims, Mulhouse, St. Etienne, Lyons, and Paris, and the Minister of Finance by two gentlemen connected with the Customs department.

The mission set sail from Brest in the ship *Sirène*, accompanied by two frigates, and eight months afterwards cast anchor at Macao. In his work, entitled *La Chine Contemporaine*, M. Yvan gives the result of the observations which he made during more than a year's sojourn in the Flowery Land. His present volume is devoted to an account of his voyage thither, and at the commencement he exclaims that he wishes with all his heart that those who set off on voyages for distant lands could be inspired with the same degree of enthusiasm which he experienced, and which never left him during the whole period of his absence. Far better, according to him, to be carried away by one's feelings, than to be sceptical and indifferent about everything. Those who are of cold, phlegmatic temperaments, and who have little or no imagination, are incapacitated, he says, for being good observers; and whatever may be their ability or knowledge in other respects, they will never be able to comprehend life in its most striking manifestations. It may be so; but we must confess that we should be inclined to place more reliance on the class which M. Yvan despises than on enthusiasts like himself, and we would fain hope, for the interests of truth and science, that M. Raymond, the historiographer of the mission, was less impulsive and more cool-headed than his colleague. We do not mean to say that accuracy and a powerful imagination are incompatible—on the contrary, we believe the latter to be as necessary a qualification of a writer of travels or historian as of a novelist. All we desire is, that the imagination should always be subservient to truth—its handmaid, not its adversary. But, from the first page of M. Yvan's book to the last, we feel that we are dealing with the romance rather than the reality of travel, and it is difficult to believe he can have been continually coming in contact with characters which seem to belong more to the Monte Cristo style of fiction than to real life, even though the scene be laid in the tropics. One of these extraordinary personages he encounters at La Terra dos Viegas, in the Brazils (for the mission visits many places during the voyage), and as he is an Englishman by birth, our readers may like to hear something of him. One hot summer's day, when the Doctor was taking his siesta beside a little brook, under the shade of a rock, he heard some one calling to him in English. Not understanding the language, M. Yvan contented himself with replying:—

"What do you want, sir? I do not understand English."

"Oh, what queer fellows these Frenchmen are," replied the same voice, in a decidedly British accent; "they fancy every one knows their language; they can speak nothing but French."

"You are right," I answered, rising to see whence the voice proceeded; "we Frenchmen are foolish enough to fancy that ours is the universal language; but we are well punished for our credulity as soon as we put our noses out of our own country."

The person who had addressed me I now saw was standing on the rock above me; he was dressed in leather gaiters, a round jacket, and a cap; an enormous hunting-knife hung at his side, his ruddy, healthy-looking face was framed in a magnificent red beard; he was tall and firmly knit, and there was a certain air of frankness and good humour about him which prepossessed one at once in his favour. After having cast a scrutinising glance at me, the child of Albion said:

"I am Mr. Braone" (I write his name as he pronounced it) [we doubt that, M. Yvan]: "will you come and rest at my house? I have a great liking for the French."

I gave him my name, and making use of the formula he had employed, I added:—

"I shall have great pleasure in accompanying you. I have a great liking for the English."

The fact was, I felt I might indulge in this little piece of exaggeration in consideration of the circumstances under which we had made acquaintance. . . . On reaching his house, Mr. Braone showed me into a small room, neatly furnished, and seated me before a table on which were placed bottles containing port, sherry, brandy, rum, and a folio volume bound in leather. Mr. Braone then begged me to excuse him for a moment, and soon afterwards he returned

with a young negress on his arm. . . . They both advanced towards me and bowed, after which salutation the Englishman said,

"This is Mrs. Braone."

I returned the bow of this strange looking pair as seriously as I could, but I confess I could not speak a word. The gentleman, after having bowed a second time, turned upon his heel and left the room, carrying off with him this singular Mrs. Braone.

I had scarcely recovered from my surprise when Mr. Braone again made his appearance with another negress, younger than the first, but evidently dressed in the clothes which the other had put off. Mr. Braone, faithful to the customs of his country in all that regards introductions, bowed a second time and said,

"This is another Mrs. Braone."

At this extraordinary declaration, I could no longer restrain my laughter. My host did not seem in the least disconcerted, however, he merely raised his eyebrows, and exclaimed—"These Frenchmen are astonished at everything."

"Not exactly that, my dear Mr. Braone, but only at that which seems impossible before they have seen it. I beg you to tell me," I continued, although still unable to restrain my hilarity, "who it was that acted as priest on the occasion of your second marriage, it might be convenient to know."

"Myself," replied the Englishman.

"My dear Mr. Braone, you know that polygamy is a crime for which you might be hanged."

"Oh yes," he answered, "in France and in England I should be hanged, but not in Brazil—here I live like Abraham and Jacob. It is necessary I should people this desert."

"But you are a Christian," I suppose.

"In London and Paris I am," he answered; "but here I am a patriarch. I understand the Bible better than you, my dear. It is the only book that I have read during the last six years," pointing at the great book lying on the table. "The Bible is not, as is generally supposed, the history of a people; it is the written law exemplified by men living in a civilized, a barbarous, and a patriarchal state. Here I live as a patriarch."

After a moment's pause, I said, "Do you know, if I were to tell this story when I return to France, I should not be believed?"

"Certainly not," replied the gentleman; "Frenchmen find truth too extraordinary for belief. Just tell them what you have seen, and they will fancy you are romancing."

"This idea of Mr. Braone's," concludes M. Yvan, "struck me by its justice, and I resolved to tell the story, feeling that I should not be sorry to be taxed with exaggeration, through simple adherence to truth."

We think that it is not in France alone that M. Yvan will be accused of romancing, or at least of highly colouring the story of his adventures. He is, however, an entertaining *raconteur*; and though there is a good deal of what is questionable, in point of taste and delicacy, in some of his tales, the reader will find many amusing incidents in his book, of which we give the following as a sample:—

Whilst I was staying at Malacca, I happened to meet with a priest, who asked me to go with him to see some dealers in natural curiosities, birds, &c. The first visit we made was to an Indo-Dutchman of some fifty years of age, and boasting a delicate canary-coloured complexion. His collection of birds was magnificent; but the most brilliant amongst them all was his daughter, a girl about fourteen years old, and with a complexion as white as milk. She was seated in a corner of the room, her eyes were timidly cast down, and her silken hair, flowing in waves over her shoulders, covered her as with a veil.

"How many children have you?" inquired the priest, while he glanced inquiringly at the girl.

"I have three," was the reply.

"Yet I fancy I have only seen one young man accompanying your wife to mass," said the priest.

"Quite true, Señor Padre; it is because Vincent St. Paul is the only one of my children who is a Catholic."

"And the others, what are they?" asked the astonished priest.

The bird-merchant did not answer at first, but after having reflected a moment, he said, "Look here, padre, there is some good in all religions. I brought up Vincent St. Paul as a Catholic, because it is but right the eldest child should follow the religion of his parents—for I am a Catholic, though a Dutchman. I made a Protestant of my second son, John, as a sort of compliment to the English; and, besides that, their ministers, who have a good deal of power, may, perhaps, in consideration of the religion he professes, give him a helping hand. As for my daughter, I was a good deal puzzled what religion to give her; when one day, while I was walking with the Tinaw here, he proved to me that Mohammedanism was the religion best suited to a woman, so I made her a Mussulman."

On hearing this, the priest flew into a rage, and his anger was certainly very legitimate under the circumstances; but as for me, I could scarcely keep my countenance. The good priest did not, however, leave the bird-merchant before he had made him promise to bring John and Fatima to him to be baptised and to be taught the principles of religion.

M. Yvan devotes from forty to fifty pages of his book to a description of the Isle de Bourbon, respecting which, as a French possession, he writes *con amore*. There is also a greater air of reality, or at any rate of the *vraisemblable*, in what he says of the island than in his descriptions of any other of the places which he visited, such as Teneriffe, the Brazils, the Cape of Good Hope, Singapore, &c.; and some of the observations which he makes upon slavery, as he witnessed its operation in the Isle de Bourbon, are sufficiently interesting. It appears that the slave population *was* (since M. Yvan wrote, slavery has been abolished) not exclusively comprised of negroes, but also of Malays, natives of Bengal and Malabar, and others, all of whom had complexions which equalled in whiteness those of persons boasting pure colonial blood, and women whose transparent and satiny skins surpassed in brilliancy those of the Creole ladies. It appears that these white slaves had been stolen from their peaceful villages, and brought to the island by the daring and unprincipled adventurers who in former times stocked the colonial slave-markets, where they were sold to the planters of the Isle de Bourbon and the Isle de France, who never troubled their heads as to whence they came, or made any difficulty about the physical differences existing between these races and the comparatively brutish negroes of Angola and Mozambique. This fact,

* *De France en Chine.* Par le Dr. M. Yvan. Paris: Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie. 1855.

which M. Yvan says is little known in France, serves as a gauge by which to measure the morality of the older colonists, who, according to their panegyrists, only bought slaves in order to free them from the sufferings and cruel death to which they would have been subjected by their brethren. The first time M. Yvan noticed some of these white slaves was at St. Denis, when he was at a church where mass was being celebrated in presence of a congregation of blacks, amongst whom he observed some individuals who were perfectly white, but whom he recognised to be slaves by their naked feet. Grieved at the sight, he inquired how it was that these white men were not free, and was told in reply—the answer being accompanied by a gesture of astonishment—“Why, sir, they are negroes!”

“I thought the answer worth being preserved,” remarks M. Yvan; and he goes on to say that it recalled to his mind another incident of the same kind, which occurred during his stay on the island. He was seated in a boat, with two negroes as rowers, waiting for a slave who was to accompany him to the *Sirène*, lying in the harbour. The man not making his appearance, the Doctor, in an undertone, began to complain of the delay, when one of the negroes overhearing him, raised his head and said:—“Oh, sir, the negroes are a set of idle, lying, drunken fellows; but then, they are not of the same race as we are!” M. Yvan took this speech to be a kind of ironical complaint, a sort of implied reproach; so he replied by way of apology: “I know the whites are also a drunken, idle—.” Here the negro interrupted him, exclaiming—“No, no! we whites—we work,—we are industrious, orderly.” The Doctor looked with surprise at the ebony face before him, and sought in vain for a trace of that nobility of complexion on which the negro founded his pretensions. Finding none, he said with affected disdain, “Do you really think yourself less black than your comrades?” At these words the man jumped up, put out his ugly foot, cased in an enormous shoe, and cried—“I—I am a white, sir.”

So great was the feeling against the abolition of slavery on the island, that one of the colonists told M. Yvan that, if his aged mother were to fancy the negroes would ever be freed, she would consider it a much more terrible event than the most bloody episodes of the Revolution; while another professed his determination to hang all his negroes with his own hand, should the bill be passed. But when emancipation became a fact, although the fortunes of some of the colonists suffered by it at first, free labourers soon began to flock to the island in such numbers, from all parts, that, thanks to this circumstance, and to the mode of cultivation introduced by the Chinese immigrants, the colonists are likely to do better than ever. A change of any kind whatever was indeed almost sure to be an improvement; for nothing could be more base, more steeped in vice, more reeking with immorality, or more conducive to the indulgence of tyranny and to every evil passion than the old system, as described by M. Yvan.

But we have already exceeded our limits, and have only space to assure our readers, that if they turn to M. Yvan’s book for purposes of entertainment rather than those of instruction—though we do not, at the same time, deny that there is some valuable information to be gleaned from his pages—they will not be disappointed.

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In the forenoon the President, Vice-Presidents, and Stewards, as well as the Officers of the Society, will assemble at the School-house, where the children will dine at 12 o’clock precisely. From thence the children will go in procession to the Church of St. James, Piccadilly, where a Sermon will be preached by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, in aid of the Charity, at 3 o’clock, and the service will be read in the Welsh language by the Rev. John Evans, Chaplain of the Society.

The musical arrangements will be under the direction of Mr. Brinley Richards, who has again most liberally given his gratuitous services in behalf of the Charity.

Dinner tickets, 2s.; ladies’ tickets for the hall and gallery, 3s., to be had of the Secretary; and at the bar of the tavern.

Donations and subscriptions will be thankfully received by Messrs. Hoare, bankers, Fleet-street; and by the Secretary, Mr. Shaw, at the School House, Gray’s-inn-road.

TO THE GENERAL PRACTITIONERS IN MEDICINE, SURGERY, AND MIDWIFERY, IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

THE SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES earnestly invite the attention of their Licentiates to the Bill which has been introduced into the House of Commons to alter and amend the laws regulating the Medical Profession.

The Society have no hesitation in publicly expressing their opinion that the changes in the law which are contemplated by this Bill would prove highly detrimental to the interests of General Practitioners, that is to say, to the interests of a great majority of those who are practising the healing art in this country.

The Society, therefore, entreat their Licentiates to examine the provisions of this Bill for themselves, and to form their own opinion of its real scope and object, and they caution them, in the meanwhile, against accepting the Bill upon the opinion and recommendation of its promoters.

A prominent feature of the Bill which will not escape attention, is this, that any person who does not actually assume a medical title (such as that of Physician, Surgeon, or Apothecary) will be at liberty to practise any branch of the profession without the necessity of undergoing an examination, or receiving any medical education whatever. Consequently, Chemists and Druggists, should the Bill become law, will be legally entitled to practise any and every branch of the profession.

By order of the Society of Apothecaries,
ROBERT B. UPTON, Clerk to the Society.
Apothecaries’ Hall, 26th Feb., 1856.

DECLARATION OF BONUS.

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45	121	128	249	178	456
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55	149	154	303	216	407
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